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1. Jack and Meg.

2. The Smith Recites the Old Ballad.

3. The Forge.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There had been various accounts of the late banquet of the Literary Ladies; but I was informed, "upon the best authority" (as he called himself), that none were genuine but his own. He was attired as a waitress, and took nothing, he assures me (except a shilling given by one of them for supplying her with half a dozen cigarettes instead of the usual couple), but notes. It may be so; but after the dinner was over, and before he wrote out the report, I felt confident from the first that he had made up for his abstinence in the way of liquid refreshment—some of his statements were so very queer. He had to shave off his moustachios, he said, for which he has charged me two guineas. I have often heard of the great expense of employing special correspondents, and now I can believe it. It is their misfortune to have horses killed under them in every battle, I understand: but the item "to hire of a waitress's uniform" must be new even to the newspaper proprietor. He was also subsequently charged (at the police office) with wearing it; and, in my turn, charged me for the fine that was imposed upon him. Altogether, it was an expensive business. It serves me right, I am told, for employing a spy; but I was determined to know what took place at that dinner, if it cost me my last shilling.

"The most charming meeting of all," he says, "that you can imagine" (I never attempted to imagine it, but he *did*) "was that between the writer of 'The Daisy Chain' with the authoress of 'A Dog of Flanders,' and of other charming works too numerous to mention. 'Though we view life from different standpoints,' said one, 'I am sure we both aim at and succeed in delighting our fellow-creatures.' I feel we shall be good friends." So do I, returned the other, producing a golden cigarette-case encrusted with diamonds, 'let us smoke the pipe of peace.' To which the other answered sweetly, 'I never smoke before dinner.' The lady whose pseudonym is 'Edna Lyall' was equally sisterly to the authoress of that admirable narrative, 'Cometh up as a Flower.' It was pretty, too, to see the writer of 'The Beleaguered City,' and other supernatural and enchanting volumes, shaking hands with the originator (or, at all events, the appropriator of the title) of that very lively story, 'Coming Through the Rye.' Pretty, too, to see 'Little Lord Fauntleroy's' literary godmother saying a gracious word to the mother of the 'Babes in Bohemia.'

"The toasts were admirably chosen; 'Our husbands, and may they never be in worse society,' followed by an appropriate glee from the gallery ('Ye spotted snakes with double tongue'). Some of the sentiments, too, were beyond praise, and evidently heartfelt. 'Man may be the breadwinner, but it is the female novelist who takes the cake,' was exceedingly applauded. Much later on, a lady, whose name escaped me, but who, it was whispered, has written some of the most creeping and curdling stories of the famous (penny) series of 'Mysteries for the Million,' proposed 'Death to the Critics'; it produced an immense sensation. One gentle soul murmured 'Not death, only extinction,' which I am sorry to say produced a slight theological controversy. All was hushed, however, when the President proposed, in coffee (the band playing 'Fill up the cup and fill up the can' with admirable promptness), the health of the Royal authoress of 'Life in the Highlands.' It ought to have been the first toast, she acknowledged; but she was unaccustomed to public speaking, or, rather, speaking at public dinners, and forgot it. Then ensued a little conversation about the circulation of the book, and I caught the words, 'a good deal larger than yours, at all events, if not of mine,' to which a silvery voice replied, 'Well, you see, you have been such a very long time before the public.' And here it was that my false and treacherous special correspondent overshot his mark. I *knew* that no literary lady *could* make such an observation to another, and my suspicions were immediately excited. Upon inquiry, I found that the whole account supplied me by this wretched scribe was an invention. There were no such authoresses at the banquet as he had described; but there *were* waiters, so that his charge for a female costume was obtaining money under false pretences. I have published his narrative because, having left an hiatus in my Notes for the purpose, I have not enough "copy" to do without it, and also to show to what lengths indolence (for, of course, he was not even there), greed, and jealousy of the other sex will lead some male creatures.

In the last issue of the *Woman's World* there is an admirable article against excessive demonstrations of mourning. Our funeral arrangements have been slightly improved. We no longer see a hired mute, with a board on his head covered with feathers, walking at the head of the procession which accompanies the departed to his long home. Even in the best circles a black man is not now placed on the box to impress beholders with a sense of feudal associations and (lost) West Indian possessions. That little pinch of what looked like Cayenne pepper—done up in silver paper—is not placed in the hand of the astonished mourner by the undertaker, with a request (given in tones broken with emotion) that at the words "ashes to ashes, dust to dust" he will be good enough to drop it in. The black horses are no longer under obligation to the ostrich for their head-gear. We are not quite so barbarous as we used to be in that pinchbeck pomp which vainly strives to emulate the terrors of Death; though we are still vulgar enough in our homage, we are not so savage; we content ourselves with throwing tons of flowers that would gladden a thousand sick-rooms, into the earth which they were born to beautify, not to be buried in it. But our habits of mourning are still as hateful and oppressive as ever, as though we had never been told that "the trappings and the suits of woe" have little to do with real regret.

The lady who has taken up the cudgels for good feeling and common sense in this matter, points out especially the

cruelty of compelling widows to wear weeds. They may be inconsolable, and yet plump, and what, in that case, they suffer from those mountains of crape in hot weather, is little less painful than the pangs of suttee. If they do not really mourn their husbands this outward show is an hypocrisy; if they do, why should they be forced to add discomfort to passionate regret? Then there are the drawn-down blinds, which Fashion (masquerading as Sorrow too deep for words, like a Bacchanal pretending to be a guardian angel) insists upon, so long as the poor clay which recks nothing of light or darkness remains in the house, to the detriment of those who were dearest to him. If such things were done in Africa we should associate them with the Fetish, whose rites demand a sacrifice of the living to the dead. It is positively amazing that at this very time when in a thousand pulpits the question of whether candles should be lighted in the daytime in churches, or not, is thought worth debate, this shutting up of our homes from light and air, which has been going on for centuries, receives no word of reprobation.

Such improvement as has been effected in our burial customs has been caused by sensible persons leaving their own directions behind them as to their interment, and surely the same thing might be done with regard to excessive mourning. We cannot help—perhaps in our selfishness we do not wish to restrain—the grief of those who have loved and lost us; but we surely do not want to make our brethren's heads ache with twelve inches of black cloth, and to dress like waiters, in the dog days. A band of black upon the arm such as soldiers wear, would be sufficient to point out to our acquaintances that we have been in trouble. It is our widows and daughters, however, who are most to be pitied. The prolonged seclusion, to which custom dooms them, and the suits of woe they are compelled to wear, may add sometimes to their general unhappiness, but actually detract (like all other discomforts) by jarring on it with discordant note, from their genuine and heartfelt woe.

Emerson has expressed his dislike of sermons because the majority of them go about and about their subject, without presenting anything that one can really take hold of, with the exception, perhaps, of the text; he even goes the length of saying that there is often so little of human nature—of that which touches the actual experience of the hearer—in a discourse from the pulpit that he has found himself wondering whether the preacher has ever been a man at all. Emerson had something of the preacher in him himself, which perhaps made him severe upon those of the same trade; but there is some truth in his strictures nevertheless, and the same thing he complains of in the sermon pervades in a less degree the lecture. When reading the able paper by Dr. Richardson upon "The Health of the Mind," in *Longman's Magazine* for June, the reflection occurs to one how much better it would have been if it were not a lecture. If it had been merely an ordinary article, it might have been less profound, but it would have been more tangible; it might have been less philosophical, but it would have come more home to one; we feel grateful for what is given, but we would have liked something more to take away with us; there is something—perhaps it is in the glass of water and the candlesticks—that renders this species of composition impalpable and illusive.

The subject of mental health is most important, and might, by one so thoroughly acquainted with it, have been invested with so much more human interest if he had condescended to have culled a few examples from everyday life. Even his advice is vague. "What lower standard of mental condition can there be," he asks, "than that of the sensual palate which finds relish in putrefying food?" and goes on to say that in his professional experience he has twice known death to follow this "corrupt gratification." If he means to imply that "high game" and "gone" Stilton are deadly, let him say so, and enable us to (what they never did to me) disagree with him. If that is "feasting on garbage," I hope to feast on it again; and yet if he doesn't mean that, one hardly knows what he does mean. There are some wise things plainly stated enough, as well as some curious facts—one certainly not generally known is that suicide has its maximum in June, and its minimum in February—but the general impression left on the mind by the essay is faint from the form in which it is cast. He tells us, for example, that we possess, what no other animal does possess, a special gift of foreknowledge, the result of which is that anticipation of pain (*i.e.* of evil) may be as severe as the pain itself; but he draws no deduction from it as to the ill effects of "worry," and how "your merry heart goes all the way, and your sad tires in a mile-a," far less gives us any recipe for improvement in the matter. Perhaps the good physician has none. But at all events he might be more practical. It would be, perhaps, too much to expect of a philosopher to tell us why it is that violent language relieves the mind; but it surely concerns "the health of the mind," and would be interesting. Why, oh why, do not our scientific teachers—even the benevolent ones—make themselves more intelligible to us ignorant folk? The paper is a good paper, but the trail of "the lecture" is over it all.

In England we often find a certain class of our countrymen abusing their native land and all that belongs to it; they think it a proof of superiority of mind to despise patriotism of any kind, and can see no good in anything that is not beyond seas. Unfortunately they never better their own sad condition by going beyond seas themselves, so that we have them always with us. In the United States this *genus* is unknown; in France there has only been a single specimen of it, and he is now deceased. Still, it must be acknowledged that he stuck to his peculiar habit of underrating his own country to the last; for he evidences it by his last will and testament, just proved. "Horrible nation," it says, "race of cowards and blockheads, I should like to have millions to give to the English, because they are your enemies." This is not a very complimentary

reason for admiring us, but we must not look the gift horse in the mouth. He has left all his property, which is considerable, to "the poor of London," to be distributed, I have little doubt, alas! at the discretion of the Lord Mayor; so that whether the will is upheld by the French Courts or not, I fear that even deserving persons, living like myself outside the City walls, will derive very little advantage from his generosity. However, he meant us well, and if he has his way there would be, at least, some English people who have "seen the colour" of French money, which, so far as I can learn, is not now the case. Another post-mortem stipulation of his is not so laudable: he directs his executor to have his coffin sunk in the sea, "about a mile from the English coast," that his remains may not rest upon French soil. A much more friendly and convenient arrangement, one would think, would have been to be buried in England; but one can't expect everything—indeed, in this case, one could hardly have expected what we have got.

A recent action in a court of law respecting, as was alleged, the too severe notice of a book, has fluttered both publishers and critics. As the jury gave the prosecutor one farthing damages, and the Judge decided there should be costs on neither side, it is probable—though it was not "six of one and half a dozen of the other," or there would have been no verdict—that there were faults on both sides. But publishers are declaring that it will now be impossible to print reviews that are not eulogistic, and critics that they must confine themselves to logrolling. I can fancy some authors remarking "And a very good thing too"; but what seems the more sensible view of the matter is that when a book is so hopelessly bad that a (morally) just notice of it gives (legal) grounds for an action for libel, it would be better for the critics to let it alone. There may be some persons who find themselves "impelled in the public interest" to inform the world that a fellow-creature has written a book hopelessly dull, ignorant, imbecile, and other depreciatory attributes; but does the world want to hear about it? Readers always want to hear of good books, and never of a bad one; but there are some critics, I have been told, who, in the exercise of their profession, rather prefer the latter class of work. Perhaps they even entertain the delusion (though this is doubtful) that their drastic treatment will "do the author good." They might just as well expect, as some foolish cooks do, to make a tough beefsteak tender by beating it.

## PROFESSOR HERKOMER'S NEW PLAY.

Our dramatic critic this week notices the second "pictorial music-play," at Bushey, of which we give some illustrations. It was performed on Tuesday evening, June 4, to an audience of invited guests. We add some explanatory details.

This piece, in three acts, is simply called "An Idyll," its scene is laid in an old English village; its time is the fourteenth century. The Smith (Professor Herkomer) has a pretty daughter, Edith (Miss Dorothy Dene), who is beloved by honest Dick o' the Dale (Mr. Daniel Wehrschmidt), but who is flattered by the attentions of Fitz-Hugh, the Lord of the Manor (Mr. Howden Tingey). In the first act, the assembled villagers see a hunting-party of gentlemen and ladies go past; there is a picturesque display of mediæval costumes, and a lovely sunset and moonrise, with the sound of the church bell pealing the "Angelus." The second act, inside the Smith's house, at supper-time, and at a later hour, shows how Edith's fidelity is tempted by her gay and wealthy admirer. Her father, to warn her, sings a ballad of a betrayed maiden. Fitz-Hugh sings a serenade under her window, then comes in and tries to persuade her to elope with him; but he is confronted and rebuked by Dick, and she, on Fitz-Hugh's departure, renews her pledge of love to the worthy sweetheart. They are merrily wedded in the third act; a couple of mummer-minstrels, one of whom is cleverly represented by Mr. Emil Wehrschmidt, perform in the street. As the bride and bridegroom leave the church, Fitz-Hugh meets them with an expression of regret for his own behaviour, wishes them all happiness, and gives them a purse of money.

It should be stated that the play has no dialogue, a great deal of the action passing in pantomime, but there is a little recitative, and there are several lyrics written by Mr. Joseph Bennett. Mr. Herkomer's music is mainly of the "descriptive" kind, but shows a remarkable command of true dramatic expression.

## NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY CATALOGUE.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—In reference to the conclusion of your highly-gratifying notice of the new Catalogue of the National Portrait Gallery in your last Number, I beg leave to correct a misapprehension. In justice to her Majesty's Stationery Office, I wish to state that the volume was entirely printed by them, and that they also selected the quality of the paper. Although the new edition is greatly increased, both in bulk and matter, the Government allowed the selling price to remain unaltered. In being issued at one shilling it is sold, I believe, very much under cost price. It now contains 803 portraits instead of 726. The difference of the bulk is shown by the fact that the book-postage of the former edition was fourpence-halfpenny and it is now sixpence. The present edition was issued rather hurriedly, and is very limited in number, so as to enable corrections to be made before a larger number is worked off.—GEORGE SCHARF.

The Earl of Zetland has been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in succession to the Marquis of Londonderry.

In consequence of the continued depression in agriculture, the Duke of Bedford has remitted 33 per cent of the half-year's rent due from the tenants of his Thorney estate.

The Duke of Wellington presided on June 3 at the seventy-first annual meeting of the Society for the Suppression of Mendicity, held at Apsley House. There was a numerous attendance. The annual report showed that the society's register contained the names of 64,500 beggars, and was found most useful by the London Magistrates. Abundant testimony was borne to the usefulness of the society.

Under the chairmanship of Mr. Sheriff A. J. Newton, the twenty-second annual festival in aid of the City Waiters' Provident Society was held on June 3 at the Guildhall Tavern. The society was instituted in 1867, by waiters principally employed at the Corporation, City companies', and City tavern dinners, for the purpose of providing assistance to its members in sickness, distress, and old age. Subscriptions amounting to £220 were announced.



## THE COURT.

Her Majesty has been actively engaged before leaving Windsor for Scotland.

The Queen, on May 31, reviewed the troops at Aldershot under Sir Evelyn Wood's command, numbering about twelve thousand. Her Majesty arrived on the ground at a quarter to five, and after an inspection of the ranks the whole of the troops marched past. At the conclusion the Queen drove to Farnborough Station. The Duke of Cambridge and the headquarters staff were present. Her Majesty was accompanied by Prince Henry of Battenberg, the Princess of Leiningen, Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, and the Countess of Erbach-Schönberg.

On June 1 the Queen held an Investiture at Windsor Castle, and invested several Knights Grand Cross of the Bath and others of lower grades, as well as Knights of St. Michael and St. George and of the Indian Empire. The company was entertained at luncheon in the grand dining-room at the castle, in which a prominent object is the superb punch-bowl which Rundell and Bridge manufactured for George IV. at a cost of about £12,000.—Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, arrived at Windsor Castle on this day. Lord Rowton, and Lieutenant-General Sir Evelyn and the Hon. Lady Wood arrived at the castle, and had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. Colonel the Hon. W. S. Home, commanding Grenadier Guards, was also invited. Sir William Jenner arrived at Windsor Castle in the evening, and was privately invested by the Queen with the Insignia of the First Class of the Order of the Bath.

The Queen and the Royal family and the members of the Royal Household attended Divine service in the private chapel at Windsor Castle on Sunday morning, the 2nd. The Dean of Windsor officiated, assisted by the Rev. Canon Fleming, who preached the sermon. The choral portions of the service were sung by members of the Eton College Chapel choir, under the direction of Mr. Barnby, in the absence of the usual choristers.

The second battalion of the 89th Royal Irish Fusiliers arrived at Windsor on the 3rd from Lydd, near Hythe, for the purpose of having new colours presented to them by the Queen. The battalion numbered 450 men, including the band, with 17 officers and 19 sergeants, under the command of Colonel Cox. Many of the men wore Egyptian and Khedive medals. Colonel the Hon. W. H. P. Carington, Esquerry to the Queen, met the battalion at the station, as also did Captain Ricardo. The drums and fife of the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards were in waiting, and preceded the Fusiliers to the Royal Mews, where the men removed the traces of a three hours' journey. They were then marched to the Quadrangle, where the Queen presented new colours to the regiment. Addressing the officers and men her Majesty remarked that fifty-six years had passed since she first presented the regiment with new colours, which they had carried with honour and distinction in many parts of the world, and that twenty-three years ago she handed them the colours now trooped for the last time. Her Majesty was accompanied by Prince Henry of Battenberg, Princess Christian, and the Countess of Erbach-Schönberg. The regiment was received at the castle by General Sir Philip Smith, C.B., commanding the Home District, who was accompanied by his field officers. After the presentation the regiment was marched to the Riding School, Windsor Castle, and the men entertained to dinner, while the officers partook of luncheon at the castle. The regiment subsequently returned to Lydd.

The Fourth of June was celebrated in the usual manner at Eton College. The procession of boats in the evening was witnessed by the Queen and several members of the Royal family from the lawn of Clewer Court, on the Berkshire side of the Thames.

The fourth and last Drawingroom of the season was held at Buckingham Palace on May 29 by the Princess of Wales, acting on behalf of her Majesty. The number of presentations was abnormally large, and the Mall was crowded with eager sightseers. A guard of honour was furnished by the Grenadier Guards, and the band of that regiment, with the mounted bands of the Household Cavalry, played a selection of music in the Quadrangle during the ceremony of presentation. At three o'clock, her Royal Highness, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, Princes Albert Victor and George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince Christian, Prince Henry of Battenberg, the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Salisbury, and the other great officers of State, entered the Throne-Room and took her seat upon the dais. The presentations numbered about 270. There was a remarkable display of brilliant and harmonious colouring in the dresses, though the prevailing tone was certainly white.

At Marlborough House on the same day, the Prince of Wales and the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1881 presented to Sir Lyon Playfair, M.P., a service of plate, on the occasion of his resignation of his position as hon. secretary to the Commission.

The Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and Prince George of Greece and Prince Charles of Denmark, were present at a garden-party given by the Comte and Comtesse de Paris on May 30 to celebrate the anniversary of their silver wedding.—Prince Albert Victor, attended by Captain Holford, returned to York in the morning from Marlborough House; and in the evening the Prince and Princess, with their three daughters, Prince George of Greece, and Prince Charles of Denmark, were at the Italian Opera, Covent-garden.

By command of the Queen a State Concert was held at Buckingham Palace on the 31st. The invitations were limited to 500, so that there was no crowding. The vestibule, staircase, and approaches to the concert-room were most artistically decorated with roses, lilies, and a variety of choice exotics, backed with tall palms and rare and beautiful ferns. It was past eleven o'clock when the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their sons and daughters, Prince and Princess Christian, the Duchess of Edinburgh, and other members of the Royal family entered, preceded by the Chamberlains. The National Anthem was then played, and the scene was a striking one as the whole company rose, the handsome and varied uniforms—naval, military, and diplomatic—contrasting admirably with the dresses of the ladies, in which there was a noticeable absence of colour, nearly all the older members of the audience being attired in black, and the younger in white. Supper was served after the concert.—The Prince of Wales dined with Lord and Lady Brooke, in Tilney-street, in the evening.—Prince George of Greece and Prince Charles of Denmark visited Messrs. Yarrow and Co.'s shipbuilding works at Poplar.

Prince George of Wales received the freedom of the City at the Guildhall on June 1, as illustrated and described on another page. With his Royal Highness were the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince George of Greece. The Lord Mayor afterwards entertained the Royal party and a numerous company at the Mansion House.

On Sunday morning, the 2nd, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince George, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, Prince George of Greece, and Prince Charles of Denmark were present at Divine service.—Prince George of Greece and Prince Charles of Denmark left Marlborough House in the afternoon to rejoin the Royal Danish corvette Dagmar at Greenhithe.

By command of the Queen, a Levée was held on the 3rd at St. James's Palace by the Prince, on behalf of her Majesty. Presentations to his Royal Highness at this Court are, by the Queen's pleasure, considered as equivalent to presentations to her Majesty. The Prince, accompanied by Prince George of



THE LATE COMMANDER PERCY HOCKIN, R.N.

Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the other members of the Royal family, entered the Throne-Room at two o'clock, attended by the usual officers of the Household. The Diplomatic circle was well attended, and there were several presentations. The general circle included several of her Majesty's Ministers. The presentations to the Prince of Wales were made to the number of about 410.—In the afternoon the Princess of Wales, accompanied by her three daughters, arrived at Windsor on a visit to the Queen previous to her Majesty's departure for Scotland. The Princess and daughters lunched with her Majesty.—The Prince, attended by Major-General Ellis, was present at the 1st Guards' annual dinner at the Hôtel Métropole in the evening, the Duke of Cambridge in the chair; and the Princess, the three Princesses, and Prince George of Wales were at the Italian Opera, Covent-garden.

The Prince and Princess leave London on June 8 for Paris, where they will remain four or five days for the purpose of visiting the Paris Exhibition.

The Duke of Edinburgh has presented to the Royal Albert Yacht Club, of which he is the commodore, a cup, to be sailed for during the coming regatta. None but owners of yachts belonging to this club will be allowed to compete for the prize.

## THE LATE LIEUTENANT W. G. MICHEL.

A young officer of the 2nd Battalion of the Norfolk Regiment, Second Lieutenant Michel, was killed in action, on May 4, in

THE LATE LIEUTENANT W. G. MICHEL,  
2ND BATTALION NORFOLK REGIMENT, KILLED IN BURMAH.

an attack on a Chin stockade in Burmah. He was the youngest son of General Charles Michel, and nephew of the late Field-Marshal Sir John Michel, G.C.B. He was educated at Haileybury, and passed through the Militia into the Army, joining his regiment in India in 1887. A favourite among his comrades, a good rider, and devoted to field sports, he showed the greatest desire to distinguish himself in his profession; but in his first action met his death.

## LATE COMMANDER PERCY HOCKIN, R.N.

The death of this gallant officer is a loss to the naval service. It took place at Esquimaux, Vancouver Island, from rheumatic fever, caused by his leaping overboard to save three persons from drowning. He was thirty-eight years old, born at Dartmouth, South Devon, and entered the Royal Navy in 1865. In 1873 he was specially promoted to be Lieutenant, for his bravery in cutting out an armed slaver and recovering the body of a slain comrade, under a heavy fire from the shore, on the East Coast of Africa. He received two certificates, and the approbation of the Admiralty and the Foreign Office, for his conduct in that service. In the Egyptian expedition of 1882, as senior Lieutenant of H.M.S. Euryalus, he served with the Naval Brigade in the capture of Suez, and on the staff of a brigade at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and in the capture of Zagazig. He was then mentioned in despatches, and received the medal for that campaign, the Fourth Class of the Osmanieh, and the Khedive's bronze star.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. John Hawke, George-street, Plymouth.

## NEW BARONETS.

Among the gentlemen on whom the Queen has conferred the rank of Baronet, upon the occasion of her Majesty's birthday, is Sir George Burns, of Wemyss Bay, who, with his brother, Mr. James Burns, carrying on business at Glasgow as merchants and shipowners, above sixty years ago, introduced steam-vessels into the Glasgow and Belfast and Liverpool trade; and in 1830 joined with Messrs. MacIver, of Liverpool, in establishing a firm which has rendered services of the greatest importance to Atlantic steam navigation. It was through their instrumentality, in 1838, that Mr. Samuel Cunard, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, was enabled to set on foot the British and North American Royal Mail Steam-packet Company, whose first vessel, the Britannia, started on her first voyage in July, 1840. She was a wooden paddle-wheel steamer of 1154 tons burden, with engines of 740-horse power, which made the passage from Liverpool to Boston in fourteen days eight hours. The Umbria and Etruria, of the Cunard Line, at the present day, show a considerable advance on the service of 1840; but everything must have had a beginning. The Liverpool manager of this line was Mr. David MacIver, succeeded by his brother, Mr. Charles MacIver; while Mr. George Burns managed its affairs at Glasgow until his retirement from business, about thirty years ago, when he was succeeded by his eldest son, Mr. John Burns, who was elected Chairman of the Board. Another son, Mr. James Cleland Burns, is one of the Directors. Sir George Burns was born in 1795, and is therefore ninety-four years of age, in good bodily health and with perfect clearness of mind. His father, the Rev. Dr. John Burns, who was Minister of the Barony Kirk in Glasgow seventy-two years, died in 1839, in his ninety-sixth year; his grandfather, who lived to the age of eighty-four, and had some reputation as a scholar, could remember the Jacobite rebellion of 1715. One of the brothers of Sir George Burns was the first Professor of Surgery at Glasgow University, and author of several medical and philosophical books; another was a distinguished physician, but died from an accidental wound received in dissecting. The family history is remarkable; and we hope Sir George Burns will live some years longer, in the enjoyment of his well-earned honours. Sir Samuel Cunard's baronetcy, conferred in 1859, and now borne by his grandson, was an earlier recognition of the great achievement of Messrs. Cunard, Burns, and MacIver.

Sir George Hornidge Porter, M.D., of Merrion-square, Dublin, was born in that city in 1822, and was educated in the Trinity College Schools, in the Medical School of Meath Hospital, and in the University of Dublin, taking his degrees there, and being elected in 1844 a Fellow of Trinity College. His father was the distinguished Professor William Henry Porter. He was appointed Surgeon to the Meath Hospital and County of Dublin Infirmary in 1849, and has served that institution nearly forty years. In 1869 he was appointed Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland, and was knighted in 1883. He is a past President of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, of the Pathological Society, and of the Dublin Branch of the British Medical Association, and is a member of many of the medical societies of the United Kingdom. He is Consulting Surgeon to several of the Dublin hospitals, and only last year, at the annual meeting of the British Medical Association, held in Glasgow, the University of that city conferred on him the honour of the degree of LL.D. (*honoris causa*). He has published clinical lectures on surgery, and has also written some very practical papers on operative surgery. As to his non-professional positions, they are numerous and notable. He is a J.P. and D.L. for County Wexford, and in the year 1887 he filled the office of High Sheriff for the same county, in which he possesses a large estate.

Our Portrait of Sir George Burns is from a photograph by Mr. J. Fergus, of Largs; and that of Sir G. H. Porter from one by Mr. Chancellor, of Dublin.

The exhibition of work done in the classes of the Home Arts and Industries Association was opened on June 3 by Countess Brownlow, who pointed out that all the work shown had been done in leisure hours. Princess Louise visited the exhibition later in the afternoon, and carefully examined the work of the various classes. Her Royal Highness bought several specimens of each of the different branches of handwork.

A meeting of the Victoria Institute took place on Monday, June 3, when Mr. W. F. Kirby read a paper on the Entomology of South Africa, describing the localities in which certain known European species were found. A second paper was read by the Rev. F. A. Walker, D.D., F.L.S., in which he identified Niobe with Neferura Urmaa, the daughter of a Hittite King, and described the monumental evidence throwing light upon her existence.

An important meeting of the Jockey Club has been held at the town residence of the Duke of Richmond to discuss the present aspect of the dispute between the Earl of Durham and Sir George Chetwynd, and to consider their resignation of their membership of the Club. Mr. James Lowther presided, and there was a large attendance, the Prince of Wales being present. Letters from Lord Durham and Sir George Chetwynd were read, and it was unanimously resolved that both should be requested to withdraw their resignations. The Stewards have consented to act as arbitrators.

The Report of the Astronomer-Royal presented to the Board of Visitors at Greenwich Observatory contains a short summary of the meteorological observations made in 1888. The average temperature of the whole year was only 47.7 deg., more than one and a half below the average of the preceding forty-seven years. The hottest day was Aug. 10, when the thermometer rose to 87.7 deg., and the coldest was Feb. 2, when it fell to 18.4 deg. May, November, and December were the only months warmer than the average, while July was nearly four and a half degrees cooler than usual.





SIR GEORGE BURNS, BART.,  
SHIPOWNER, GLASGOW.



SIR G. H. PORTER, BART.,  
M.D. DUBLIN.

### THE NANSEN GREENLAND EXPEDITION.

For the first time in history Greenland, that great mysterious ice-capped continent in the far North, has been crossed, a feat accomplished by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, a Norwegian savant, three other Norwegians, and two Lapps. Several futile attempts have formerly been made to cross this continent, which is in exactly the same state as our own islands during the Glacial age. The first attempt was made by Lieutenants Jensen and Steenstrup, of the Danish Navy, who, in 1878, commenced their inland march in lat. 62 deg. 30 min. N., and after many difficulties reached forty miles inland, and attained a height of 5000 ft., whence the ice was seen gradually to rise eastward. Then came the famous Norden-skiöld Expedition of 1883, when the celebrated Swedish explorer landed south of the Disco Island, and with a large party reached ninety miles inland and an altitude of 5000 ft., whence the land also could be seen rising eastward. However, Nordenskiöld had in his train two Lapps, whom he dispatched forward, on Norwegian snow-shoes, "ski," and who reached 140 miles further inland, and an altitude of 7000, meeting nothing but snow and ice. Finally, an American engineer, Mr. Peary, in 1886, succeeded in reaching 100 miles inland a little further north. All these expeditions, however, made the attempt of crossing from west to east, whereas Dr. Nansen decided upon making the attempt in the opposite direction—from the east to the west coast. To this he was particularly

OLE RAVNA.



MR. A. GAMEL, OF COPENHAGEN,  
WHO FITTED OUT THE NANSEN GREENLAND EXPEDITION.

S. BALTO.

prompted by the fact of the west coast being inhabited, so that provisions need only be carried one way, and when the journey was accomplished the expedition would not fear starvation, as on the uninhabited east coast. The expedition left Iceland June 4, 1888, in the whaler Jason, having received much encouragement on all sides, as, for instance, from the Royal Geographical Society and several of our well-known Arctic explorers. Dr. Nansen's hope was to land in lat. 65 deg. 30 min. N., in the neighbourhood of Cape Dan; but ice prevented this—in fact, the expedition was unable to leave the ship till July 17. It was expected that they would reach land in their two boats on the next day, the land being only a few miles off; but drift-ice barred the way, and currents set the boats southward with terrible swiftness.

For a whole fortnight they battled in the ice, several times being at the point of destruction; but at last they reached land, though 240 miles further south than expected, and a month behind time. Nevertheless, the expedition rowed northwards along the coast till lat. 64 deg. 30 min. N. to Umiavik, whence the journey across the inland ice commenced on Aug. 15. The expedition met two camps of East Greenlanders along the coast, but they were unable to understand the few words of the west coast dialect known to its members. These people are described as entirely unlike the Eskimo, being tall and dark, almost swarthy in complexion, with black hair and dark fiery eyes, and full of life and gestures. All the women were, with one exception, ugly; but this one—a young

K. KRISTIANSEN.



DR. F. NANSEN.

LIEUTENANT O. DIETRICHSON.

CAPTAIN O. SVERDRUP.

MEMBERS OF THE NANSEN GREENLAND EXPEDITION.





1. The Caravan, in charge of Mr. Arthur Roberts. 2. The Moss Cot. 3. The G.G.G. (Golden Grain Guide). 4. The Fern Bower. 5. The Bee-Hive. 6. The Windmill. 7. May Revels.

AL FRESCO FAYRE AND FLORAL FÊTE, FOR THE GROSVENOR HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN, AT THE ALBERT HALL.



girl—would have eclipsed many a southern *belle*. Several families occupy one tent, their food being chiefly seal meat, often eaten raw. Naturally they are heathens, and very superstitious. They were, however, very friendly and good-natured. One camp possessed some Danish flags. The start inland was made with five sledges, and the party proceeded on the snow on ski—i.e., long strips of elastic pine wood, some five feet in length, four inches in width, and one inch in thickness, slightly pointed in front, being strapped to the feet of the ski runner in the middle. In Scandinavia these are the chief means of locomotion on snow, and immense speed may be attained thereon. The whole party are excellent ski runners, and the success of the expedition is wholly ascribed to the use of ski, Canadian snow-shoes being found useless in wet snow. After a few days' march a terrible rain-storm, lasting three days, broke upon the party, and laid them weatherbound. On Aug. 27, when forty miles inland, it was decided to alter the course of march further southwards for the Danish colony, Godthaab, on account of the lateness of the season. On Sept. 1 the true inland ice plateau had been reached, resembling a frozen ocean, across which the expedition proceeded for a fortnight. An altitude of 10,000 ft. was reached, and the temperature fell to 80 and 90 deg. F. below freezing point, according to computation, both barometers and thermometers being unequal to registration. A terrible snowstorm delayed progress for three days. The sole sign of life seen on the whole journey was a snow sparrow on the plateau, which settled on the snow, chirped sadly, and flew northward—a curious direction. On Sept. 19 the expedition had reached the western edge of the inland ice, and a stiff breeze springing up from the east, sails were set on the sledges, and a rapid advance made downwards to the coast. On Sept. 24 the sea was reached in lat. 64 deg. 12 min. N., at the bottom of the Ameralik fjord, the whole journey from east to west having occupied forty days. Thence Dr. Nansen and Lieut. Sverdrup rowed in a frail craft made of the canvas of the tent and some boughs to the colony of Godthaab, perhaps the most perilous part of the whole journey. They were, however, too late to enable the last steamer for Europe to fetch the expedition home, and they had to winter here, a sojourn which, we are told, passed so pleasantly that when the Danish steamer *Hvidbjörnen* arrived, on April 15, to bring the expedition back, they were loth to leave. It may, by-the-way, be mentioned, that the expedition did not carry a single drop of alcoholic liquor, and one pipe of tobacco alone was allowed on Sundays. Naturally, Dr. Nansen and his brave comrades have met with a most enthusiastic reception in Scandinavia. He will read a paper on his journey before the Royal Geographical Society on June 24. The names and dates of birth of the members of the expedition are:—Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, attached to the Bergen Museum, born 1861; Olaf C. Dietrichson, Lieutenant in the Army, born 1856; Otto N. Sverdrup, mate in the mercantile navy, born 1845; Kristian Kristiansen, farmer, born 1865; and the two Lapps, Samuel Balto and Ole Ravna, born in 1861 and 1842 respectively.

Finally, it should not be omitted to mention that the expedition is chiefly due to the munificence of the well-known Danish Mæcenas, Mr. Augustin Gamel, of Copenhagen, whose Portrait we also give, and who dispatched the Hovgaard Arctic Expedition of 1880.

The Portraits are from photographs by Messrs. Hansen and Weller, Copenhagen.

#### FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of the Honourable John Scott Montagu, son of Lord Montagu, to Lady Cecil Victoria Kerr, daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Lothian, was solemnised on June 4 at St. George's, Hanover-square, in the presence of a large and distinguished company. The ceremony was fully choral. Lord Lothian gave his daughter away, while Viscount Ennismore attended the bridegroom in the capacity of best man. The bride wore a costume of rich white poul-de-soie, trimmed with mousseline-de-soie, with a châteline of orange-blossom arranged on the left side of the skirt, the bodice was also decorated with the same flowers; tulle veil, and diamond ornaments. There were six bridesmaids—Lady Margaret and Lady Mary Kerr, sisters of the bride; Lady Guendolen Cecil; the Hon. Miss Scott Montagu, sister of the bridegroom; Lady Katherine Scott, and Miss Welby. They were attired in pretty gowns of soft white muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and with broad sashes of pink moiré, fancy straw hats trimmed with tulle and white lilac. Each wore a diamond and pearl initial brooch, the gift of the bridegroom.

At St. Peter's, Eaton-square, on June 1, Mr. Alfred Mulholland, son of Mr. Mulholland, of Ballywalter Park, county Down, was married to Miss Mabel Sanderson, eldest daughter of Mr. and Lady Rachel Sanderson. Mr. T. C. Edwards-Moss, M.P., acted as best man; and there were eight bridesmaids—Misses Ethel, Cecilia, and Esther Sanderson, sisters of the bride; Miss Mulholland, sister of the bridegroom; Miss Rose Sanderson, Miss Constance Head, Miss Irene Murray, and Miss Dorothy Pratt. There were also two pages.

A resolution has been passed by the Cardiff Town Council ordering that the seal of the borough be affixed to the honorary freedom of the borough presented to Mr. Gladstone.

Judgment has been delivered in the St. Paul's reredos case. It was an application for a mandamus to compel the Bishop of London to proceed against the Dean and Chapter for placing the reredos in the Cathedral, on the ground that it was contrary to law. Mr. Baron Pollock was in favour of the Bishop; but as the Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Manisty were of a contrary opinion, the rule for a mandamus was made absolute.

The annual meeting of the Church Parochial Mission Society was held at Willis's Rooms, under the presidency of the Dean of Chichester. Mr. Clifford, who has recently returned from the Leper Island of Molokai, gave further interesting details in connection with his visit to the late Father Damien, and read a letter he had that day received from Brother James, an Irishman, who nursed the martyr in his last illness, giving a touching account of his sufferings and death. The meeting was a crowded one, and the speeches delivered by the Rev. W. Hay Aitken, Rev. R. Catterell, and Rev. C. Green, were full of details in connection with mission work.

The following are the circuits chosen by the Judges for the ensuing summer Assizes, namely:—South-Eastern Circuit, Lord Chief Justice Coleridge; Western Circuit, Mr. Justice Denman and Mr. Justice Charles; Midland Circuit, Mr. Justice Hawkins; Oxford Circuit, Mr. Baron Pollock; Northern Circuit, Mr. Justice Stephen and Mr. Justice Grantham; North-Eastern Circuit, Mr. Justice Cave and Mr. Justice Mathew; North Wales Circuit, Mr. Justice Field; South Wales Circuit, Mr. Justice Manisty. Both civil and criminal business will be taken at these Assizes. Should the foregoing arrangements be carried out, the services of two Royal Commissioners will be dispensed with; but it is very probable that it will be found necessary for some of the above Judges to remain in town, and consequently two Commissioners will be appointed.

#### THE "A.F.F.F.F." AT THE ALBERT HALL.

These mystic initials, which displayed on placards and in advertisements have for weeks past excited curiosity, signify the "Al Fresco Fayre and Floral Fête," held on May 29 and two following days, in aid of the building fund of the Grosvenor Hospital for Women and Children. The hospital, established in 1866 in Vincent-square, is an institution deserving of liberal support; and many ladies of high rank, headed by their Royal Highnesses the Princess of Wales, Princess Christian, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Frederica of Hanover, the Duchess of Teck, and the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, gave their patronage to this Fancy Fair.

In the centre of the vast area of the Royal Albert Hall was erected a lofty Maypole, gaily decked with ribbands and flowers. Around it, here and there, were stalls prettily designed, neatly constructed of real materials, with artistic painting, and decorated with natural flowers and plants, composing a garden village, with its smithy, windmill, hop-oast, corn-rick, dairy, fish-pond, pump, and other rustic features. Among the stall-holders were the Marchioness of Hertford, the Countess of Yarborough, Prince Louis Esterhazy, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Leopold Rothschild, the Duchess of Leinster, Lady Coleridge, Lady Charles Beresford, the Marchioness of Waterford, and the Marchioness of Tweeddale. The Queen of the May was elected, throned, and crowned; and May revels, with dancing of children and various frolics, took place twice a day. The caravan which had been seen on the stage of Mr. Wilson Barrett's theatre, in "The Lights of London," was lent for this occasion; and Mr. Arthur Roberts, attired as a gipsy, with Mrs. Charles Crutchley, selling toys from the vehicle, did a good trade.

In the Conservatory behind the Royal Albert Hall were many pretty structures; the Rosary, the Vinery, the Grass Bower, the Fern Bower, the Moss Cot, and the Beehive; with a creamery stall managed by Mrs. Arthur Weguelin, and a real milking and butter-making dairy. There were masques, plays, shows, and concerts of different kinds; while the band of the Coldstream Guards, and the Bijou Orchestra supplied plenty of music. Lady Constance Howard had also prepared a "Golden Grain Guide," a sort of book in the shape of a wheat-sheaf, sold by twenty peasant girls. This volume was partly made up of contributions in pen and pencil by Sir F. Leighton, Mr. Du Maurier, Mr. Harry Furniss, Mr. A. C. Stuart-Wortley, Mr. Bernard Partridge, Mrs. Edward Kennard, Mrs. Campbell Praed, Mrs. Lovett Cameron, Miss May Crommelin, and Mr. H. Rider Haggard.

#### THE LATE MR. JOHN O'CONNOR.

The death of this esteemed artist was lately announced. He was, like Mr. W. R. Beverley, whose death had been recorded within a few days, a scene-painter of recognised talent, his



THE LATE MR. JOHN O'CONNOR,  
ARTIST.

work of that kind being chiefly at the Haymarket theatre; and he rendered good assistance in designing and preparing the scenery and appropriate decorations for theatrical or other entertainments got up by private persons or associations. But he also sent to the Art Exhibitions pictures of considerable merit, and was a member of the Royal Institute of Painters.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. A. Bassano.

#### HOME ARTS AND INDUSTRIES EXHIBITION.

The annual exhibition in connection with the Home Arts and Industries Association opened on June 3 in the Albert Hall, remaining open to the public for several days. The exhibits are the product of classes held throughout the United Kingdom for the teaching of art and handicrafts to the people, and the extent as well as usefulness of the work is illustrated by excellent specimens of wood-carving, leather-work, repoussé-work in copper and brass, needlework, linen-spinning, and a variety of other home industries. The art taught is of the purely decorative kind, and the pupils are mostly young men and women in country-places. While carefully avoiding interference with trade, the association is in an unostentatious way doing much for the revival of arts and handicrafts among the people by the aid of voluntary help in addition to paid teachers. The Princess of Wales is greatly interested in it, and has established classes for hand arts and industries at Sandringham. Judging from the quality of the exhibits from that place, great progress has been made, and visitors will be specially interested in the fancy leather-work from the hands of the Princess and her daughters. The specimens of work on view from England, Ireland, and Scotland, to be purchased at a moderate cost, are of a decidedly representative character, and point strongly to the thoroughness of the teaching, and the aptitude of the rural populations for work requiring art instinct as well as art training. They embrace useful and fancy articles of all kinds, from the homely market and flower basket to massive articles of furniture in carved oak, all displayed in an attractive manner.

#### THE SILENT MEMBER.

We were duly prepared for the Epsom jaunt and the welcome Whitsuntide Recess by the advent of the customary number of grey hats, which, like in a manner to poppies in the corn, leavened the monotonous array of sable head-gear in the House of Commons. The holidays came as a great relief to legislators in both Houses. Whilst the Marquis of Salisbury, it may be surmised, was by no means loth to surrender the more or less heated air of the Foreign Office and of the House of Lords for the sylvan glades of Hatfield; Mr. Gladstone, in the highest of spirits and best of health, set out gladly for his trip to the West of England, where speech is soft and Devonshire creamy, and where the serenity engendered, mayhap, by the warmth of the Gulf Stream, is to be quickened into vivacious enthusiasm by the stirring eloquence of the most energetic, albeit the oldest, statesman of the age.

The Prime Minister, on the last day of May, had the satisfaction of securing the third reading of the important Naval Defence Bill, which received Royal sanction the same day in the goodly companionship of the Budget Bill, the National Debt Bill, the Public Libraries Act Amendment Bill, and the Removal of Wrecks Act Amendment Bill. In no Legislature in the world can business be dispatched with greater celerity than in the House of Lords when their Lordships set their minds to work under the smart chairmanship of Lord Halsbury, who is a general favourite, to judge from the frequent conferences held with him by noble Lords from both sides of the House.

The complicated state of affairs in South Africa, which calls for careful statesmanship, received some little attention from the Lords on the Third of June. The Earl of Camperdown elicited from Lord Knutsford an acknowledgment of the truth of the report that Sir Hercules Robinson had resigned his post as Governor of the Cape. The Secretary for the Colonies paid a cordial tribute to the undoubted services of Sir Hercules; and the Earl of Carnarvon and Lord Kimberley joined in the just tribute. It is satisfactory to know that the Government are seriously considering the grave subject of South African administration.

Mr. W. H. Smith and his coadjutors in the Commons were on the Third of June faced by few ex-Ministers. The Marquis of Hartington, tanned by sunny rays on the race-course, found plenty of room in his favourite corner of the front Opposition bench. Still the staunchest and strongest supporter of the Ministry, the noble Lord firmly maintains his Liberal Unionist principles and his loyal adherence to the Government, which would not last a month were he and his party no longer to buttress it.

The idol of the Liberal Leader, who a few short years ago sanctioned his imprisonment in Kilmainham, Mr. Parnell looks far more cheerful than he did before the Pigott letters were proved to be forgeries. Care is banished from his brow. The hollow cheeks of the Home-Rule chief are filling out again. Clad in a cool grey suit, Mr. Parnell on this Third of June seemed to be in a holiday mood, and ready to follow the example set by Lord Randolph Churchill, who had already flitted to Norway. Mr. Parnell, quietly on the alert between his smart private secretary and Mr. Sexton, had his duty to perform, however, before quitting Westminster. He had something pertinent to say on the Irish Drainage Bills of Mr. Balfour, who was in a peculiarly amiable mood. The tall, spare Secretary for Ireland caused some laughter by a little irregularity in the introduction of these measures, and smilingly joined in the mirth occasioned by his inadvertence. This unusual good temper was kept up when Mr. Balfour made it known that from his new public works plans for Ireland, £385,000 would be given for drainage, and £600,000 for light railways in congested districts. Mr. Smith shortly after obtained the second reading of the measure instituting a new Board of Agriculture with a responsible Minister (for which post Mr. Henry Chaplin is rumoured to be in the running). On the Fourth of June, Mr. Chaplin's motion in favour of the adoption of an International bi-metallic system of coinage led to an academic discussion.

Both Lords and Commons on the eve of the Derby began the Recess in the loveliest of June weather—the Commons glad at heart at Mr. Smith's extension of their holidays to Monday, the Seventeenth of June, the Lords prolonging their vacation to the following day.

#### THE COTTON TRADE OF INDIA.

An official return, which has recently been published in India, shows the extraordinary growth of the cotton industries in that country. At the end of last year there were 97 cotton-mills at work, with 18,840 looms and 2,375,739 spindles. They consumed 283,000,000 lb. of raw cotton, and gave employment to 80,515 persons, of whom, as far as details have been obtained, 46,606 were men, 15,057 women, 12,403 youths of both sexes, and 2949 children. The nominal capital of the mills worked by joint-stock companies is returned at 90,000,000 rupees, and it is believed that the total capital invested in cotton manufacturing in India does not fall far short of £10,000,000 sterling. Of the 97 mills, 72 are in the Bombay Presidency, 50 of these being in the town and island of Bombay; six were in Bengal, all in and around Calcutta; six in Madras, four being in the town; five in the North-Western Provinces, all in Cawnpore; and the remainder in different parts of India. The oldest of the Bombay mills was established in 1851, and in 1870 there were only seven; but by 1875 the number had increased to 22, and in 1880 it was forty. Ten more were added in 1881, and 23 between that and January, 1888. The last 14 years have seen the creation of 57 out of the 72 Bombay mills and 10 more are now in course of construction, representing 2400 looms and 250,000 spindles. The total area under cotton in India at the close of 1887 was 14,532,513 acres, of which about 5,500,000 were in Bombay and Scinde.

Of woollen mills at the close of the year there were only four in all India—two at Cawnpore, one in the Punjab, and one at Bangalore; three of these are joint-stock, the aggregate nominal capital being 18,000,000 rupees. The number of looms was 263, and of spindles 6868. Two new woollen mills are in course of construction in Bombay.

Mr. Alexander Reed has been appointed United States Consul in Dublin.

The East London Hospital for Children, at Shadwell, has received a gift of £500 from Mrs. Scholey, of Helstonleigh, Southborough, Kent.

At a meeting on June 3 of the council of the Royal Cambrian Academy of Art, a letter was read from General Sir H. Ponsonby expressing the regret of the Queen at her inability to accede to the request to lay the foundation-stone of the new gallery at Conway, during her forthcoming visit to Wales. "The Queen," Sir Henry added, "takes great interest in the development of art, and wishes the movement in the Principality every success."



## MONKEY SHOW AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.

The Alexandra Palace, on Saturday, June 1, opened its summer season with a long programme of entertainments, under the general management of Mr. Lee Bapty, who was associated with the exhibitions of Liverpool, Manchester, and Brussels. The most novel attraction is a monkey show, on a scale never before attempted. There are a thousand specimens of the tribe in the roomy and airy cages of the conservatory, and so well are the arrangements carried out that the air is kept perfectly sweet. The species and varieties are of marvellous diversity; and the visitor may choose between the big baboons and the tiny marmosets, whose chatter resembles the call of a small bird. There are several pairs of lemurs, and a white monkey from Ceylon. This animal is evidently something in the nature of an albino, though its eyes are quite dark. In the centre of the conservatory are two handsome octagon houses, in which the smaller varieties swarm and play all manner of antics upon the ropes and rustic woodwork. A number of prizes will be arranged for competition before the monkey show is brought to a close. The prizes are given by Messrs. Benjamin Brooke and Co., proprietors of the "Monkey Brand" Soap.

A numerous company of gentlemen interested in the South African Colonies dined together at the Freemasons' Tavern, Sir Donald Currie, M.P., presiding. In proposing prosperity to South Africa, the chairman gave a gratifying account of the commercial prosperity of the colonies.

## THE LOOSHAI EXPEDITION.

The expedition recently sent from Calcutta by the Indian Government to put down the hostile Looshai tribes in the hill country above Chittagong, on the north-eastern side of the Bay of Bengal, has been repeatedly mentioned. A force of Frontier Police has now been stationed in that country, for whose accommodation a permanent post has been erected in a healthy situation, 4000 ft. above the sea-level, on the Langleh Range. Colonel Tregear, the officer in command, on April 3 held a "Durbar" or official sitting, to receive the Howlong Chiefs, in one of the new barracks, when those who had assisted the expedition were rewarded with bags of rupees. They were treated with a moderate allowance of rum; and the Looshai Chiefs, in their turn, handed round a kind of rice-beer, which was drunk out of a bamboo mug. The beer was very bitter, but not unpalatable. Several of the chiefs had considerable difficulty in getting home, owing to their appreciation of the rum. Our Illustration is from a sketch by Lieutenant H. W. G. Cole, of the 2nd Battalion 2nd Goorkhas, to whom we are indebted for other sketches of this campaign.

The Earl of Meath presided at the annual meeting of the National Association for promoting State Colonisation, held in the rooms of the Society of Arts, where there was an influential attendance. In his address the chairman said that the association had received encouragement from the Government, who had adopted their ideas by placing the Crofters on the Canadian lands. Favourable replies to their circular had been received from Canada, Western Australia, and Natal.

## CYCLISTS' MEET AT WOODFORD.

A gathering of members of many cyclists' clubs in the United Kingdom took place on Saturday, June 1, at Woodford, eight miles from London, near the edge of Epping Forest. Its headquarters were at the Castle Inn, on Woodford Green. Among the presidents and vice-presidents of this meeting were Sir Guyer Hunter, M.P., Sir John Lubbock, M.P., Mr. Spencer Charrington, M.P., Captain Spencer Beaumont, and Mr. E. North Buxton. There was a "ride past" parade and inspection of bicycles and tricycles, the former in pairs, the latter in single file, each club led by its captain. This was regulated by the Marshals, Mr. H. T. Whorlow and Mr. A. J. Wilson, in full uniform. They rode in procession to the Eagle at Snaresbrook, by the lower road, and back by the other road, going on to the Roebuck at Buckhurst Hill. There, at half-past seven in the evening, the cyclists enjoyed a festive entertainment, with a grand smoking concert. At ten o'clock they mounted again, summoned by the bugler's call, for a "Chinese Lantern Ride," as far as Walthamstow, on the homeward road to London. This picturesque and lively scene is shown in our Illustration. The meet, favoured by the weather of one of the finest summer days that ever shone, was an entire success; and the cyclists are gaining ground all over the country, indeed, all over the world.

Princess Christian, and Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, were present on June 3 at a concert given at the Albert Institute, Windsor, by the members of the Windsor and Eton Amateur Madrigal and Orchestral Societies.



GREAT MONKEY SHOW AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The jury of the Salon have awarded the medal of honour for painting to M. Dagnan-Bouveret, and for engraving to M. Achille Jaquet. For sculpture and architecture no medals of honour have been adjudged.

At Chantilly, M. Le Blanc's Clover won the French Derby; the Duc Du Feltre's Achilles coming in second, and M. A. Lupin's Phlegathon third.

President Carnot arrived on the morning of June 3 at Calais, where he opened the new harbour, which is illustrated and described on another page. After breakfast the President embarked on a despatch-boat and steamed through the new harbour, and then inspected the new Calais-Douvres, which had made her first trip. In the evening he attended a banquet, after having visited the hospital and several other sights of the town. The President was received with enthusiasm on the 4th at Boulogne, where he held a reception and reviewed the fleet. He was entertained to a banquet in the Casino, and returned to Paris in the afternoon.

The session of the Spanish Cortes has been closed by Royal decree, and the fifth and last session convoked for June 14.

In the Portuguese Chamber, on June 3, the Government introduced a Bill for the acquisition of the celebrated Moorish castle and park of Cintra, which King Ferdinand bequeathed to his wife, Countess Edla.

A waterspout burst over Lausanne on June 3, doing great damage to property.

At the inspection of cavalry by the German Emperor on June 1, the Empress and one of her sisters witnessed the spectacle on horseback, while their Majesties' three eldest sons and the Grand Duchess of Weimar were also present in carriages.

The ceremony of investing with the scarlet biretta the newly-created Cardinal, Count Franz Schönborn, Archbishop of Prague, was performed on June 4 by the Emperor of Austria, in the Court Chapel of the Hofburg.

The King and Queen of Greece and the Royal Princes and Princesses left Athens on June 1, via Patras and Venice, for St. Petersburg, where the marriage of Princess Alexandra and the Grand Duke Paul will be solemnised on the 16th.

Princess Militza, daughter of the Prince of Montenegro, has become the affianced bride of the Grand Duke Peter Nicholas, second son of the Czar's uncle, the Grand Duke Nicholas, commander-in-chief in the last campaign against Turkey.

Terrible freshets have occurred in Pennsylvania, and owing principally to the bursting of a great reservoir the town of Johnstown, with 12,000 inhabitants, has been swept away. The whole valley has also been flooded, and towns and villages reduced to heaps of ruins. The loss of life is as yet but conjecture, but it is known to be very great. Particulars of the disaster and illustrations of the locality are given in this Number.

Elaborate ceremonies were conducted throughout the country on May 30 in connection with the decorating of the soldiers' graves. President Harrison took part in the proceedings at Brooklyn, where he reviewed a procession.

Western Canada was on June 1 visited by violent rainstorms, which deluged the town of Coburg and the surrounding districts.

The New Zealand Revenue returns for the past financial year have been issued. The total receipts amount to £3,792,000, showing an increase against the preceding year of

£270,000, of which £208,000 is derived from Customs, £13,000 from stamps, and £19,000 from railways.

The Victorian Parliament was opened on June 4 by Sir W. C. F. Robinson, the Acting-Governor, who said that the colony continued to prosper under the influence of political tranquillity and public confidence.

## WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.—BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

The availability of ordinary return tickets to and from the seaside, &c., will be extended as usual over the Whitsuntide holidays, and this will also include the special cheap Saturday to Monday tickets. On Saturday a fourteen-day excursion to the Paris Exhibition by the picturesque route via Dieppe and Rouen will be run from London by a special day service, and also by the ordinary night service.

Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Brighton, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight.

On Whit Sunday and Monday day trips and special excursion fares will be run to Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Lewes, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings.

For the Crystal Palace holiday entertainments on Whit Monday extra trains will be run to and from London, as required by the traffic.

On Whit Tuesday cheap day trips will be run from London to Brighton and Worthing.

The Brighton Company announce that their West-End Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square, will remain open until ten p.m. on the evenings of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday for the sale of special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.





CHINESE LANTERN RIDE OF CYCLISTS AT WOODFORD, ESSEX.



DURBAR HELD DURING THE LOOSHAI EXPEDITION.





PRESENTATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON FREEDOM TO LORD DUFFERIN AT GUILDHALL.



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 28, 1879), with five codicils (dated Nov. 7, 1879; Feb. 19, 1880; Sept. 24, 1882; May 17, 1883, and July 25, 1884), of the Right Hon. Jacob, Earl of Radnor, late of Longford Castle, Salisbury; Coleshill House, Highworth, Berks, and No. 52, Grosvenor-street, who died on March 11, was proved on May 27 by the Right Hon. William, Earl of Radnor, the son, the Right Hon. James Plaisted, Baron Penzance, and Philip Pleydell Bouverie, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £288,000. The testator bequeaths such a sum as, with the amount they will respectively receive under the trusts of his marriage settlement and with the amount advanced to them on their respective marriages, will make up portions of £25,000 for each of his six youngest sons, Bertrand, John, Mark, Kenelm, Christopher, and Frank; and portions of £20,000 for each of his four daughters; £200 to each executor; 100 guineas to his friend the Hon. Kenneth Howard; £200 to the Salisbury Infirmary; his house in Grosvenor-street, with the furniture, &c., therein, carriages, horses, &c., and 350 shares in the Folkestone Waterworks Company, to his son the present Earl; £100 to each of his servants who have been in his employ for over ten years, and special gifts of silver, jewels, &c., to his children. The family jewels, pictures, plate, statuary, &c., are to go as heirlooms and pass with the settled estates. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his eldest son, the present Lord Radnor. He devises Coleshill House, with certain lands and hereditaments in Inglesham and Widhill, Wiltshire, to his second son, Duncombe; the right of presentation to the living of Pewsey, Wilts, to his son Bertrand; and the remainder of his manors, messuages, farms, lands, rights of presentation and hereditaments in the counties of Kent, Wilts, Berks, Gloucester, Surrey, and Middlesex to the use of his said eldest son, William, for life, with remainder to his son Jacob, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male. The testator charges his real estate in aid of his personal estate with such sums (if any) as may be necessary to provide for payment of the legacies to his children, and also with the payment of an annuity of £600 to his daughter Gertrude while she remains unmarried.

The will (dated Dec. 8, 1885) of Mr. Robert Moon, formerly of No. 45, Cleveland-square, but late of No. 10, Prince's-gardens, barrister-at-law, who died on April 23, at the Hôtel Mirabeau, Paris, was proved on May 24 by Edward Robert Pacy Moon, the son, one of the executors, the value of personal estate amounting to upwards of £309,000. The testator gives £1000, and all his jewels, carriages and horses, and, during her widowhood, an annuity of £1800, and the use of his household furniture, &c., to his wife, Mrs. Mary Jane Moon; £100 to his sister, Mrs. Ann Jane Macgregor; £1000 to his sister, Mrs. Mary Wood; £300 to his sister Mrs. Isabella Aspinall; £500 to his nephew, Ralph Brocklebank, jun.; £30,000 to his son, Edward Robert Pacy Moon; £20,000 each to his sons, Robert Oswald Moon and Arnold William Moon; £20,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters, Mary Jane Moon, Constance Mary Moon, and Eliza Rosaline Moon; and small legacies to relatives. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his three sons Robert Oswald, Edward Robert Pacy, and Arnold William.

The will (dated Feb. 1, 1889) of Mr. Robert Stirling Newall, D.C.L., F.R.S., F.R.A.S., J.P., late of Fern Dene, Gateshead, whose name is well known in connection with the invention and manufacture of wire rope, who died on April 21, was proved on May 22 by William Newall and Frederick Stirling Newall, the sons, and Norman Charles Cookson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £166,000. The testator directs that his chemical and rope works at Washington, Durham, with the premises, machinery, plant, &c., are to be offered to his son, Frederick Stirling Newall, at a price to be settled by his executors. He bequeaths £1000, his wine and consumable stores, the use, for life, of his house, stables, and furniture, and £3000 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Mary Newall; £10,000 to his son Arthur Newall; £5000 to his son Frederick Stirling Newall; and £250 to Norman Charles Cookson. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his five children, Hugh Frank, Mrs. Phoebe Cookson, Arthur, William, and Frederick Stirling, in equal shares, as tenants in common.

The will (dated April 9, 1886), with a codicil (dated May 28, 1887), of Mr. John Lomax, formerly of No. 25, Upper Grosvenor-street, and late of No. 7, Orme-square, Bayswater, who died on April 3, was proved on May 22 by John Charles Lomax, the son, and John Lord, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £163,000. The testator bequeaths £500 each to his brother-in-law, Maurice Jones, and his executor John Lord, and an annuity of £350 to Mrs. Ann Jordan. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his children, Ernest Herbert Lomax, John Charles Lomax, David Alexander Napier Lomax, and Bertha Eugenie Lomax; but the share of his daughter is not to exceed £30,000, and to be held upon the usual trusts for her for life, and then to her husband and children.

The will (dated Feb. 9, 1884), with three codicils (dated July 31, 1886; Nov. 23, 1888; and Feb. 1, 1889), of Mr. Edward King Fordham, F.S.S., J.P., D.L., late of The Bury, Ashwell, near Baldock, Hertfordshire, who died on March 3, was proved on May 27 by Edgar Flower, Edward Snow Fordham, the son, and Basil Field, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £113,000. The testator appoints his share in the brewery carried on at Ashwell, with the plant, machinery, capital, public-houses, &c., between his sons Wolverley Atwood Fordham and Rupert Oswald Fordham; and bequeaths £15,000 to each of his daughters; £3000 to his son Rupert; and an annuity of £600, the use of his house, with the furniture and contents thereof, and the income of £5000, to his wife, for life. He devises and gives his "settled estates" to his son Edward Snow Fordham, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male, and certain other hereditaments and premises to his two sons Wolverley and Rupert. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, as to one fourth thereof, to each of his sons, Edward, Wolverley, and Rupert, and the remaining one fourth between his daughters.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Sheriffdom of Roxburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated July 11, 1873) of Mr. Alexander Robertson, late of Hoe-bridge, near Melrose, Roxburghshire, who died on Jan. 22, granted to Mrs. Janet Greig Gardner or Robertson, the widow, Peter Gordon, and James Smith Mack, the surviving executors nominate, was revealed in London on May 25, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £94,000.

The will (dated Jan. 24, 1885), with a codicil (dated Jan. 2, 1888), of Mr. William Morris, late of Caversham House, No. 71, Brixton Hill, and of Lincoln's Inn, barrister-at-law, who died on April 7, was proved on May 21 by Howard Carlisle Morris, Spencer William Morris, Ivan Arthur Morris, and Reginald Burnet Morris, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £70,000. The testator bequeaths £300 and all his furniture and household effects to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Anne Morris; £100 each to his daughters, Ada Margaret and

Constance Annie, and to his brother John Morris; subject thereto he leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife for life; at her decease he gives certain freehold premises and ground-rents at Uxbridge-road and Tottenham, upon trust, for his said two daughters. The ultimate residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one fourth thereof to each of his sons, Howard Carlisle Morris, Ivan Arthur Morris, and Reginald Burnet Morris, and the remaining one fourth, upon trust, for his son, Spencer William Morris, for life, and then to his wife and children.

The will (dated Jan. 11, 1887), with a codicil of the same date, of Mrs. Margaret Huish, late of Coombe Wood, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, widow, who died on March 21, was proved on May 11 by Eliza Huish, the sister, Marcus Bourne Huish, the nephew, the Rev. William Bradshaw, and Edith Margaret Huish, the niece, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £34,000. The testatrix gives £1000 to her niece, Margaret Dorothy Huish; £5000 to her sister Eliza Huish, and a further sum of £2000 for distribution to such charities as she may think fit; £3000 to her nephew, Marcus Bourne Huish; £3000 to Edith Margaret Huish; £2000 to her sister Mrs. Singleton; her cottage called "Cliff Cottage," Bonchurch, to the Council of the Young Men's Christian Association; and numerous small legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. She devises her house and land, "Combe Wood," to her nephew, Marcus. The residue of her property she leaves to her sister Eliza Huish, and to her niece, Edith Margaret Huish.

The will and codicil (dated Nov. 12, 1886, and Nov. 20, 1888) of the Hon. Guy Cuthbert Dawnay, of Bookham Grove, Surrey, who died on Feb. 28 last, are being proved by his brothers, the Right Hon. Hugh Richard Viscount Downe and Colonel the Hon. Lewis Payn Dawnay, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £33,260. The testator bequeaths to his executors legacies of £500 each, to his brother the Hon. Eustace Henry Dawnay a legacy of £10,000; to his sisters the Hon. Alice Isabel Dawnay and the Hon. Mrs. Grant Suttie, £1000 each. The residue of his personal estate he directs to be equally divided between his brothers the Hon. Lewis Payn Dawnay, the Hon. William Frederick Dawnay, the Hon. Geoffrey Nicholas Dawnay, and the Hon. Francis Herbert Dawnay. The testator devises the Sole Farm estate to his brother the Hon. Eustace Henry Dawnay, for life, with remainder to his eldest son and his male issue, or failing such issue to his other sons and their male issue, or failing male issue of Eustace Henry Dawnay the estate is limited to Eustace Henry Dawnay absolutely. The Grove estate is devised to Colonel the Hon. Lewis Payn Dawnay, for life, or until the expiration of one year after he succeeds to the Benningborough estate, then to the Hon. Eustace Henry Dawnay, for life. The Grove estate is then entailed upon the testator's other brothers, the Hon. William Frederick Dawnay, the Hon. Geoffrey Nicholas Dawnay, and the Hon. Francis Herbert Dawnay, and their sons successively in tail male, and on the death and failure of issue male of all three to the testator's nephews, Guy Payn Dawnay and Hugh Dawnay, and their sons successively in like manner, with remainder to Lord Downe and his first and every other son in tail male.

The will (dated Aug. 29, 1881), with two codicils (dated Oct. 4, 1886, and Nov. 6, 1888), of Captain Edward Robert Starkie Bence, J.P., D.L., late of Kentwell Hall, Long Melford, Suffolk, who died on Feb. 24, was proved on May 23 by Mrs. Eliza Charlotte Albina Bence, the widow, Charles Cheston, Edward Starkie Bence, and Charles Edmund Ross, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £29,000. The testator bequeaths £300, and such of his furniture, plate, pictures as she may choose to his wife; and £100 each to his executors, Charles Cheston and Charles Edmund Ross. He directs the trustees of his marriage settlement, subject to the jointure payable thereby to his wife, to raise portions of £8000 for each of his daughters, Albina Marian, Mabel Mary, and Alice Maud Mary; his other daughter, Leila Emily Catherine, having been provided for on her marriage. He devises all real estate, upon trust, in the first place, to pay half the annuity secured to his wife by the said marriage settlement, and then to raise £400 per annum to form a sinking fund for the purpose of paying off any incumbrances thereon, and, subject thereto, upon trust, for his son for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated May 24, 1888) of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Charles Hugh Lindsay, O.B., J.P., formerly of Ardington House, Wantage, Berks, and late of No. 7, St. James's-street, Pall-mall, who died on March 25, was proved on May 28 by the Duke of Portland and Lord Wantage, V.C., K.C.B., the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. Subject to the payment of a portion to his daughter, the Marchioness of Granby, as provided for by her marriage settlement, the testator leaves all his property between his two sons, Charles Ludovic Lindsay and Henry A. E. Lindsay.

## THE SHEEN HOUSE FESTIVITIES.

The commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of the Comte and Comtesse de Paris at East Sheen on May 30 brought together a brilliant gathering of French and English notabilities.

Shortly after four o'clock the band of the Coldstream Guards, which was stationed in the garden, struck up the National Anthem. This marked the arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who were accompanied by their three daughters, with Lady Suffield and Sir Dighton Probyn in attendance. They had been preceded by Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, who came over with their two daughters from Windsor, and by Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar; and they were followed by the Duchess of Edinburgh, who drove down from Clarence House. The youthful Duke of Albany was also present with his mother, the Duchess of Albany.

English society was very largely represented, the Duchess of Manchester, Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury, the Earl of Fife, the Countess of Dudley, Earl and Countess de Grey, Viscount Bridport, Lord Calthorpe, Lady Burdett-Coutts, Sir Julian and Lady Goldsmid, Sir Henry Ponsonby, Colonel the Hon. O. Montagu, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, and Mr. Montgomery being among those present.

The presents were numerous, including one from the Queen, and others from the Princess of Wales, Princess Christian, Princess Beatrice, the Duke of Edinburgh, and from many French residents in England.

The Prince and Princess of Wales did not leave until nearly half-past five o'clock, when they were loudly cheered by the crowd outside the house. The village of East Sheen was profusely decorated, chiefly with French flags.

The Comte de Paris has sent 10,000 f. to the Archbishop of Paris as a silver wedding gift to the poor of the city from which the donor takes his title.

One of the principal topics of conversation at the garden-party was the announcement of the engagement of the Duc d'Orléans (who, with his cousin, Prince Henri, has recently returned from India) to his cousin, Princess Marguerite of Orléans, sister of Prince Henri.

## THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

We have already given some account of the French Colonies Department in the Paris Exhibition. It is situated on the Esplanade or Place des Invalides, which is connected, by the small Decauville railway, with the main buildings, on the Champ de Mars. Here the central palace, occupied by the Ministry of the Colonies, is surrounded by special edifices, appropriate in design, for the contributions of the Indo-Chinese provinces, Annam and Tonquin, Algeria, Guadeloupe and Martinique, Cayenne or French Guiana, the Gaboon, Senegal, and other provinces of West Africa, Madagascar, New Caledonia, Tahiti, and the Marquesas. The architect, M. Sauvestre, is considered to have done well in grouping together, with an agreeably surprising effect, the structural and ornamental characteristics of so many different exotic styles, copied in distant parts of the globe. The subjects of our present illustrations, however, are some picturesque varieties of figure and costume among the people of diverse races in this department of the Exhibition.

## LORD DUFFERIN IN THE CITY.

The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, British Ambassador at Rome, late Viceroy of India, and formerly Governor-General of Canada, was presented at Guildhall, on Wednesday, May 29, with the freedom of the City of London.

A Court of Common Council was held for this purpose; the dais in the great hall was occupied by the Lord Mayor and the City officials and Aldermen, with the Prime Warden and other officials of the Clothworkers' Company, and with Lord Dufferin to the left hand of the Mayor. In a balcony, erected over the entrance to the Council Chamber, were Lady Dufferin, with her daughter, Lady Hermione Blackwood, and other ladies.

The certificate of Lord Dufferin's admission by the Clothworkers' Company having been produced, the City Chamberlain, Mr. Benjamin Scott, addressed his Lordship on behalf of the Corporation. He referred to the occasions upon which Lord Elgin and Lord Canning received the Freedom of the City. He strongly commended Lord Dufferin's services in his diplomatic career, and in the Government of Canada and India, noticing also the benevolent efforts of Lady Dufferin for the welfare of Indian women, particularly in establishing female hospitals and training female medical practitioners. The casket with the certificate of City freedom was then presented to his Lordship.

Lord Dufferin, having written his signature on the roll of freemen, made a brief speech in reply; and an order was made, on the motion of Mr. James Judd, Chairman of the City Lands Committee, to enter the proceedings in the minutes of the Common Council.

In the evening, at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor entertained Lord Dufferin and 350 other guests at a grand banquet. The speech then delivered by his Lordship, when his health was drunk, gave an interesting view of the condition of British government in India. Mr. Goschen, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Rosebery, Lord Knutsford, Lord Cross, and Lord Kimberley were among the speakers at the banquet.

## DRAWING IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

A deputation from the Drawing Society of Great Britain and Ireland waited upon Lord Cranbrook, at the Privy Council Office. It consisted of Sir James D. Linton, President of the Royal Institution; Sir Philip Magnus, Sir Douglas Galton, the Rev. Brooke Lambert, and Mr. T. R. Ablett.

The memorial represented the pressing importance of giving substantial effect, in the code of the Education Department, to the recommendations made by the Royal Commissioners on Education and on Technical Instruction with respect to teaching as an elementary subject.

Sir H. Roscoe, M.P., who introduced the deputation, said that the memorial which would be presented had been got up in a very few days, and was signed, among others, by ten M.P.s and nine gentlemen connected with technical colleges throughout the country. In three-quarters of the schools in England no drawing was taught at all, although drawing was the very foundation of technical education. The new code did suggest an alteration in this matter, but it did not go far enough. They wanted the help of the department to get drawing taught compulsorily, in conjunction with writing, in every school.

Mr. Ablett explained, by means of specimens, how rudimentary drawing could be easily taught in the writing classes.

Sir James Linton presented the memorial, and Sir Douglas Galton, Sir Philip Magnus, and the Rev. Brooke Lambert also addressed the Lord President.

Lord Cranbrook, in reply, said that by throwing drawing in as a combination of writing they would be reverting to a state of things which prevailed when he first came to the Privy Council, instead of leaving drawing subjects to the rules of the Science and Art Department. He believed the new code would encourage drawing to a larger extent than the deputation supposed, and the Government intended to amend the code so that drawing centres could be established, attendance at which would count for grant. He desired to encourage drawing as much as possible, but it would take time to make much improvement in the matter. As to writing, he was not aware that artists wrote better than others who had not been taught drawing. However, the matter would receive his careful attention, but he could not hope to do anything this year beyond allowing drawing centres to be established.

Official notice is given that the State apartments of Windsor Castle will be open to the public on and after Monday, June 10, until further notice.

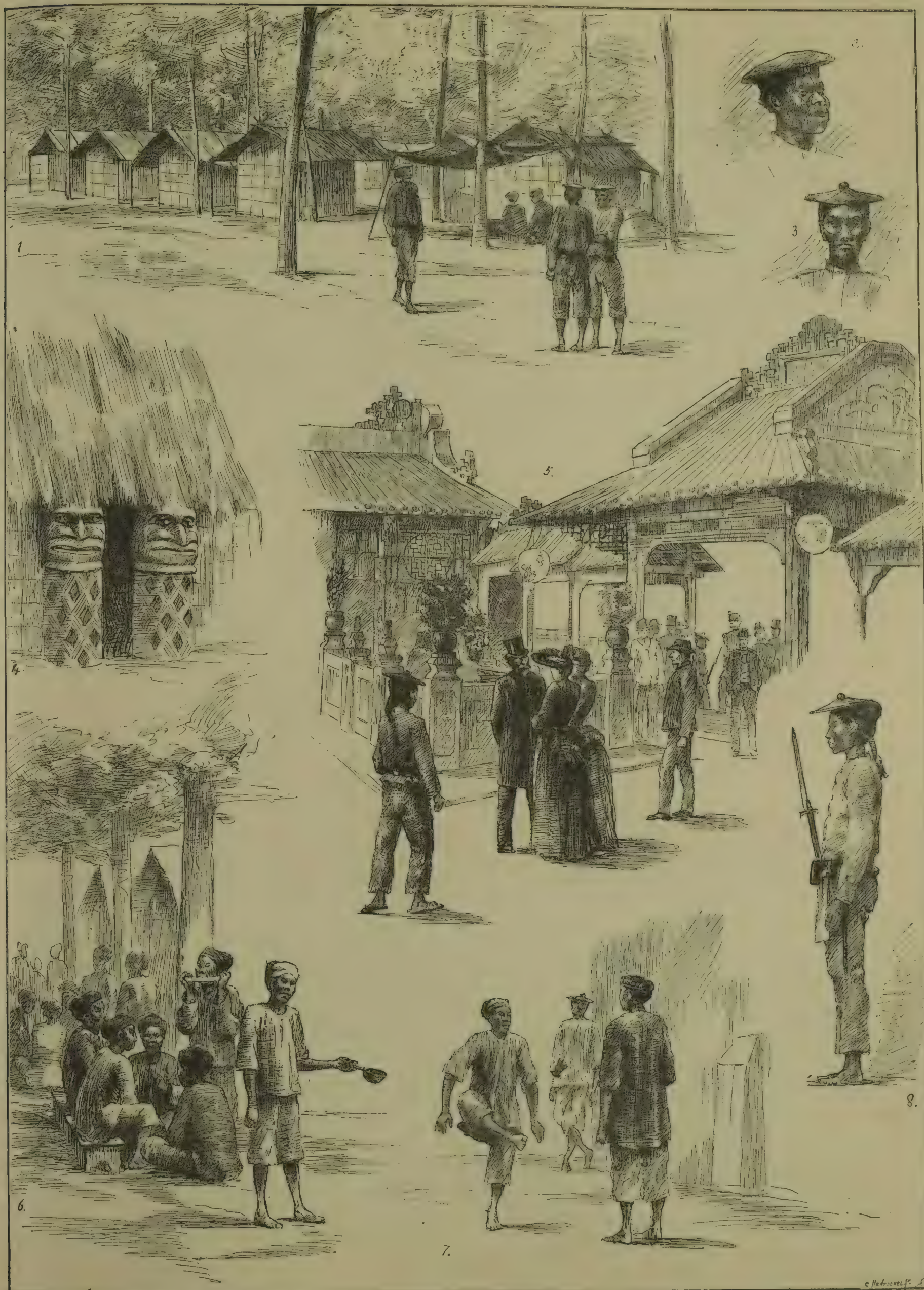
The Very Rev. Henry Montagu Butler, D.D., Master of Trinity College, has been elected Vice-Chancellor at Cambridge University for the year commencing Oct. 1.

A new clock has just been erected at Kiltegan, Ireland, by Mr. J. W. Benson, clockmaker to the Queen, Ludgate-hill, made specially to the order of Mr. J. Hume Dick, of Hume-wood, Kiltegan. All the latest improvements have been introduced.

By permission of the Benchers, the Inner Temple gardens are open to the public every evening from six o'clock until dusk, and on Sundays from 4.30 until eight o'clock. This privilege is intended more especially for the benefit of the poor children inhabiting the surrounding thickly-populated courts and alleys of the City, hundreds of whom flock into the gardens nightly to enjoy a good romp on the spacious and well-kept grass-plot.

The prize meeting of the Middlesex Rifle Association came to an end on May 30 at the Park Ranges. In the course of the afternoon the tie for the bronze medal given by the National Rifle Association was shot off, the three men going right through the ranges again, with the result that the victory was left with the Queen's prizeman of last year, Sergeant Fulton, of the Queen's Westminster, who made 30 points out of 35 at 200 yards, 32 at 500, and 24 at 600; a total of 86.





1. A native village of the Gaboon, West Africa.

2. A native of the Gaboon country.

3. Annamite type, Eastern Asia.

4. Doorway of hut, New Caledonia.

5. Corner of the court of the Chinese Pavilion.

6. Some Annamites at dinner.

7. Annamites playing at shuttlecock.

8. Annamite soldier.



# CLEOPATRA:

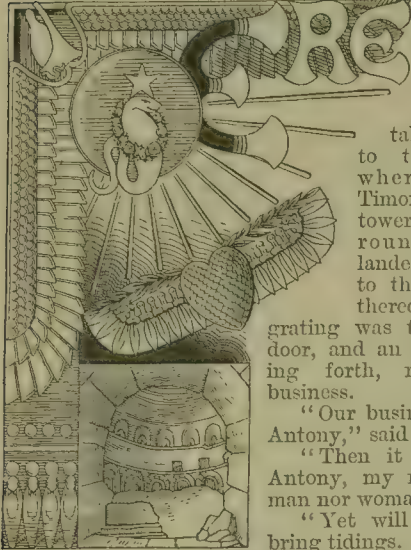
BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FALL AND VENGEANCE OF HARMACHIS, THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN, AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

OF THE DRAWING FORTH OF ANTONY FROM THE TIMONIUM BACK TO CLEOPATRA; OF THE FEAST MADE BY CLEOPATRA; AND OF THE MANNER OF THE DEATH OF EUDOSIUS THE STEWARD.



it was yet dawn came Charmion once again, and we walked to the private harbour of the palace. There,

taking boat, we rowed to the island mount whereon stands the Timonium, a vaulted tower, strong, small, and round. And, having landed, we twain came to the door and knocked thereon, till at length a grating was thrown open in the door, and an aged eunuch, looking forth, roughly asked our business.

"Our business is with the Lord Antony," said Charmion.

"Then it is no business, for Antony, my master, sees neither man nor woman."

"Yet will he see us, for we bring tidings. Go tell him that the Lady Charmion brings tidings from the army."

The man went, and presently returned.

"The Lord Antony would know if the tidings be good or ill, for, if ill, then will he none of it, for with evil tidings hath he been overfed of late."

"Why—why, 'tis both good and ill. Open, slave, I will make answer to thy master!" and she slipped a purse of gold through the bars.

"Well, well," he grumbled, as he took the purse, "the times are hard, and likely to be harder; for when the lion's down who will feed the jackal? Give thy news thyself, and if it do but draw the noble Antony out of this Hall of Groans, I care not what it be. Now the palace door is open, and there's the road to the banquetting-chamber!"

We passed on, to find ourselves in a narrow passage, and, leaving the eunuch to bar the door, advanced till we came to a curtain. Through this we went, and found ourselves in a vaulted chamber, ill-lighted from the roof. On the further side of this rude chamber was a bed of rugs, and thereon crouched the figure of a man, his face hid in the folds of his toga.

"Most noble Antony," said Charmion, drawing near, "un-wrap thy face and hearken unto me, for I bring thee tidings."

Then he lifted up his head. Marred was his face by sorrow; his tangled hair, grizzled with years, hung about his hollow eyes, and white on his chin was the stubble of an unshaven beard. Squalid was his robe, and more wretched his aspect than that of the poorest beggar at the Temple gates. To this, then, had the love of Cleopatra brought the glorious and renowned Antony, aforetime Master of half the World!

"What will ye with me, Lady," he asked, "who would perish here alone? And who is this man who comes to gaze on fallen and forsaken Antony?"

"This is Olympus, noble Antony, that wise physician, the skilled in auguries, of whom thou hast heard much, and whom Cleopatra, ever mindful of thy welfare, though but little thou dost think of hers, hath sent to minister to thee."

"And can thy physician minister to a grief such as my grief? Can his drugs give me back my galleys, my honour, and my peace? Nay! Away with thy physician! What is thy tidings?—quick!—out with it! Hath Canidius, perchance, conquered Caesar? Tell me but that, and thou shalt have a province for thy guerdon—aye! and if Octavianus be dead, twenty thousand sesteria to fill its treasury. Speak—nay; speak not! I fear the opening of thy lips as never I feared an earthly thing! Surely the wheel of Fortune hath gone round and Canidius hath conquered? Is it not so? Nay—out with it! I can no more!"

"O noble Antony!" she said, "steel thy heart to hear that which I needs must tell thee! Canidius is in Alexandria. He hath fled fast and far, and this is his report. For seven whole days did the legions wait the coming of Antony, as aforetime, to lead them to victory, putting aside the offers of the envoys of Caesar. But Antony came not. And then 'twas rumoured that Antony had fled to Tænarus, drawn thither by Cleopatra. The man who first brought that tale to the camp the legionaries cried shame on—aye, and beat him to the death! But ever it grew, until at length there was no more room to doubt; and then, O Antony, thy officers slipped one by one away to Caesar, and where the officers go there the men follow. Nor is this all the story; for thy allies—Bocchus of Africa, Tarcondimotus of Cilicia, Mithridates of Commagene, Adallas of Thrace, Philadelphus of Paphlagonia, Archelaus of Cappadocia, Herod of Judæa, Amyntas of Galatia, Polemon of Pontus, and Malchus of Arabia—all, all have fled or bid their generals fly back to whence they came; and already their ambassadors do crave cold Caesar's clemency."

"Hast done thy croaking, thou raven in a peacock's dress, or is there more to come?" asked the smitten man, lifting his white and trembling face from the shelter of his hands. "Tell me more; say that Egypt's dead in all her beauty, say that Octavianus lowers at the Canopic gate, and that, headed by dead Cicero, all the ghosts of Hell do audibly shriek out the fall of Antony! Yea, gather up every woe that can o'erwhelm those who once were great, and loose them on the hoary head of him whom—in thy gentleness—thou art still pleased to name, 'the noble Antony!'"

"Nay, my Lord, I have done."

"Aye, and so have I done—done, quite done! 'Tis altogether finished, and thus I seal the end," and snatching a sword from his couch, he would, indeed, have slain himself had I not sprung forward and grasped his hand. For it was not my purpose that he should die as yet; since had he died at that hour Cleopatra had made her peace with Caesar, who rather wished the death of Antony than the ruin of Egypt.

"Art mad, Antony? Art, indeed, a coward?" cried Charmion, "that thou wouldst thus escape thy woes, and leave thy partner to face the sorrow out alone?"

"Why not, woman? Why not? She would not be long alone. There's Caesar to keep her company. Octavianus

loves a fair woman in his cold way, and still is Cleopatra fair. Come now, thou Olympus! thou hast held my hand from dealing death upon myself, advise me of thy wisdom. Shall I, then, submit myself to Caesar, and, I, Triumvir, twice Consul, and aforetime absolute Monarch of all the East, endure to follow in his triumph along those Roman ways where I myself have passed in triumph?"

"Nay, Sir," I answered. "If thou dost yield, then art thou doomed. All last night I questioned of the Fates concerning thee, and this I saw:—When thy star draws near to Caesar's it pales and is swallowed up; but when it passes from his radiance, then bright and big it shines, equal in glory to his own. All is not lost, and while some part remains, everything may be regained. Egypt can yet be held, armies can still be raised. Caesar hath withdrawn himself; he is not yet at the gates of Alexandria, and perchance may be appeased. Thy mind in its fever hath fired thy body; thou art sick and canst not judge aright. See here, I have a potion that shall make thee whole, for well skilled am I in the art of medicine," and I held out the phial.

"A potion, thou sayest, man!" he cried. "More like it is a poison, and thou a murderer, sent by false Egypt, who would fain be rid of me now that I may no more be of service to her. The head of Antony is the peace-offering she would send to Caesar—she for whom I have lost all! Give me thy draught. By Bacchus! I will drink it, though it be the very elixir of Death!"

"Nay, noble Antony; it is no poison, and no murderer am I. See, I will taste it, if thou wilt," and I held forth the subtle potion that has power to fire the veins of men.

"Give it me, Physician. Desperate men are brave men. There!—Why, what is this? Yours is a magic draught! My sorrows seem to roll away like thunder-clouds before the southern gale, and the spring of Hope blooms fresh upon the desert of my heart. Once more am I Antony, and once again I see my legions' spears asparkle in the sun, and hear the thunderous shout of welcome as Antony—beloved Antony!—rides in his pomp of war along his deep-formed lines! There's hope! there's hope! Yet may I see the cold brows of Caesar—that Caesar who never errs except from policy—robbed of their victor bays and crowned with shameful dust!"

"Aye," cried Charmion, "there yet is hope, if thou wilt but play the man! O my Lord! come back with us; come back to the loving arms of Cleopatra! All night she lies upon her golden bed, and fills the hollow darkness with her groans for 'Antony!' who, enamoured now of Grief, forgets his duty and his love!"

"I come! I come! Shame upon me, that I dared to doubt her! Slave, bring water, and a purple robe: not thus can I be seen of Cleopatra. Even now I come."

In this fashion, then, did we draw Antony back to Cleopatra, that the ruin of the twain might be made sure.

We led him up the Alabaster Hall and into Cleopatra's chamber, where she lay, her cloudy hair about her face and breast, and tears flowing from her deep eyes.

"O Egypt!" he cried, "behold me at thy feet!"

She sprang from the couch. "And art thou here, my love?" she murmured; "then once again are all things well. Come near, and in these arms forget thy sorrows and turn my grief to joy. Oh, Antony, while love is left to us, still have we all!"

And she fell upon his breast and wildly kissed him.

That same day, Charmion came to me and bade me prepare a poison of the most deadly power. And this at first I would not do, fearing that Cleopatra would therewith make an end of Antony before the time. But Charmion showed me that this was not so, and showed to me also for what purpose was the poison. Therefore I summoned Atoua, the skilled in simples, and all that afternoon we laboured at the deadly work. And when it was done, Charmion came once more, bearing with her a chaplet of fresh roses, that she bade me steep in the poison.

This then I did.

That night at the great feast of Cleopatra, I sat nigh to Antony, who was at her side and wore the poisoned wreath. Now as the feast went on, fast flowed the wine, till Antony and the Queen grew merry. And she told him of her plans, and of how even now her galleys were being drawn by the canal that leads from Bubastis on the Pelusiac branch of the Nile, to Clysmata at the head of the Bay of Hieraopolis. For it was her design, should Caesar prove stubborn, to fly with Antony and her treasure down the Arabian Gulf, where Caesar had no fleet, and seek some new home in India, whither her foes might not follow. But, indeed, this plan came to nothing, for the Arabs of Petra burnt the galleys, incited thereto by a message sent by the Jews of Alexandria, who hated Cleopatra and were hated of her.

Now, when she had made an end of telling him, the Queen called on him to drink a cup with her, to the success of this new scheme, bidding him, as she did so, steep his wreath of roses in the wine, and make the draught more sweet. This, then, he did, and it being done, she pledged him. But when he was about to pledge her back, she caught his hand, crying "Hold!" whereat he paused, wondering.

Now, among the servants of Cleopatra was one Eudosius, a steward; and this Eudosius, seeing that the fortunes of Cleopatra were at an end, had laid a plan to fly that very night to Caesar, as had done many of his betters, taking with him all the treasure in the palace that he could steal. But this design being discovered to Cleopatra, she determined to be avenged upon Eudosius.

"Eudosius," she cried, for the man stood near; "come hither, thou faithful servant! Seest thou this man, most noble Antony; through all our troubles he hath clung to us and been of comfort to us. Now, therefore, he shall be rewarded according to his deserts and the measure of his faithfulness, and that from thine own hand. Give him thy golden cup of wine, and let him drink a pledge to our success; the cup shall be his guerdon."

And still wondering, Antony gave it to the man, who, stricken in his guilty mind, took it, and stood trembling. But he drank not.

"Drink! thou slave; drink!" cried Cleopatra, half rising from her seat and flashing a fierce look on his white face. "By Serapis! so surely as I yet shall sit in the Capitol at Rome, an thou dost thus flout the Lord Antony, I'll have thee scourged to the bones, and the red wine poured upon thy open wounds to heal them! Ah! at length thou drinkest! Why, what is it, good Eudosius? art sick? Surely, then, must this wine be as the water of jealousy of those Jews, that hath power to slay the false and strengthen the honest only. Go, some of you, search this man's room; methinks he is a traitor!"

Meanwhile the man stood, his hands to his head. Presently he began to tremble, and then fell, shrieking, to the ground. Anon he was on his feet again, clutching at his bosom, as though to tear out the fire in his heart. He staggered, with livid, twisted face and foaming lips, to where Cleopatra lay watching him with a slow and cruel smile.

"Ah, traitor! thou hast it now!" she said. "Prithce, is death sweet?"

"Thou wanton!" yelled the dying man, "thou hast poisoned me! Thus mayst thou also perish!" and with one shriek he flung himself upon her. She saw his purpose, and swift and supple as a tiger sprang to one side, so that he did but grasp her Royal cloak, tearing it from its emerald clasp. Down he fell upon the ground, rolling over and over in the purple chiton, till presently he lay still and dead, his tormented face and frozen eyes peering ghastly from its folds.

"Ah!" said the Queen, with a hard laugh, "the slave died wondrous hard, and fain would have drawn me with him. See, he hath borrowed my garment for a pall! Take him away and bury him in his livery."

"What means Cleopatra?" said Antony, as the guards dragged the corpse away; "the man drank of my cup. What is the purpose of this most sorry jest?"

"It serves a double end, noble Antony! This very night would that man have fled to Octavianus, bearing of our treasure with him. Well, I have lent him wings, for the dead fly fast! Also this: thou didst fear that I should poison thee, my Lord; nay, I know it. See now, Antony, how easy were it that I should slay thee if I had the will. That wreath of roses which thou didst steep within the cup is dewed with deadly bane. Had I, then, a mind to make an end of thee, I had not stayed thy hand. O Antony, henceforth trust me; sooner would I slay myself than harm one hair of thy beloved head! See, here come my messengers! Speak, what did ye find?"

"Royal Egypt, this we found. All things in the chamber of Eudosius are made ready for flight, and in his baggage is much treasure."

"Thou hearest?" said she, smiling darkly. "Think ye, my loyal servants all, that Cleopatra is one with whom it is well to play the traitor? Be warned by this Roman's fate!"

Then a great silence of fear fell upon the company, and Antony sat also silent.

(To be continued.)

## NAMES.

"What's in a name?" asks the love-sick Juliet, and adds, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet"—which is true so far as it goes, but then it does not go very far; and though good enough reason for an enamoured beauty, would never satisfy a logician. How much there is in a name, let history declare. Men have cut each other's throats, and sent each other to the dungeon, the rack, and the scaffold, for the sake of a name, and all that a name may be made to represent. "There is much, nay, almost all, in names," says Carlyle. "Could I unfold the influence of names, which are the most important of all clothings, I were a second great Trismegistus." Hence the anxiety of poets and novelists to fit apt and expressive names to the creations of their imagination—the heart of their invention. They justly understand the weight which attaches to them—how a judicious choice may favourably dispose the reader at the outset, while a mistake in nomenclature may as speedily disgust him.

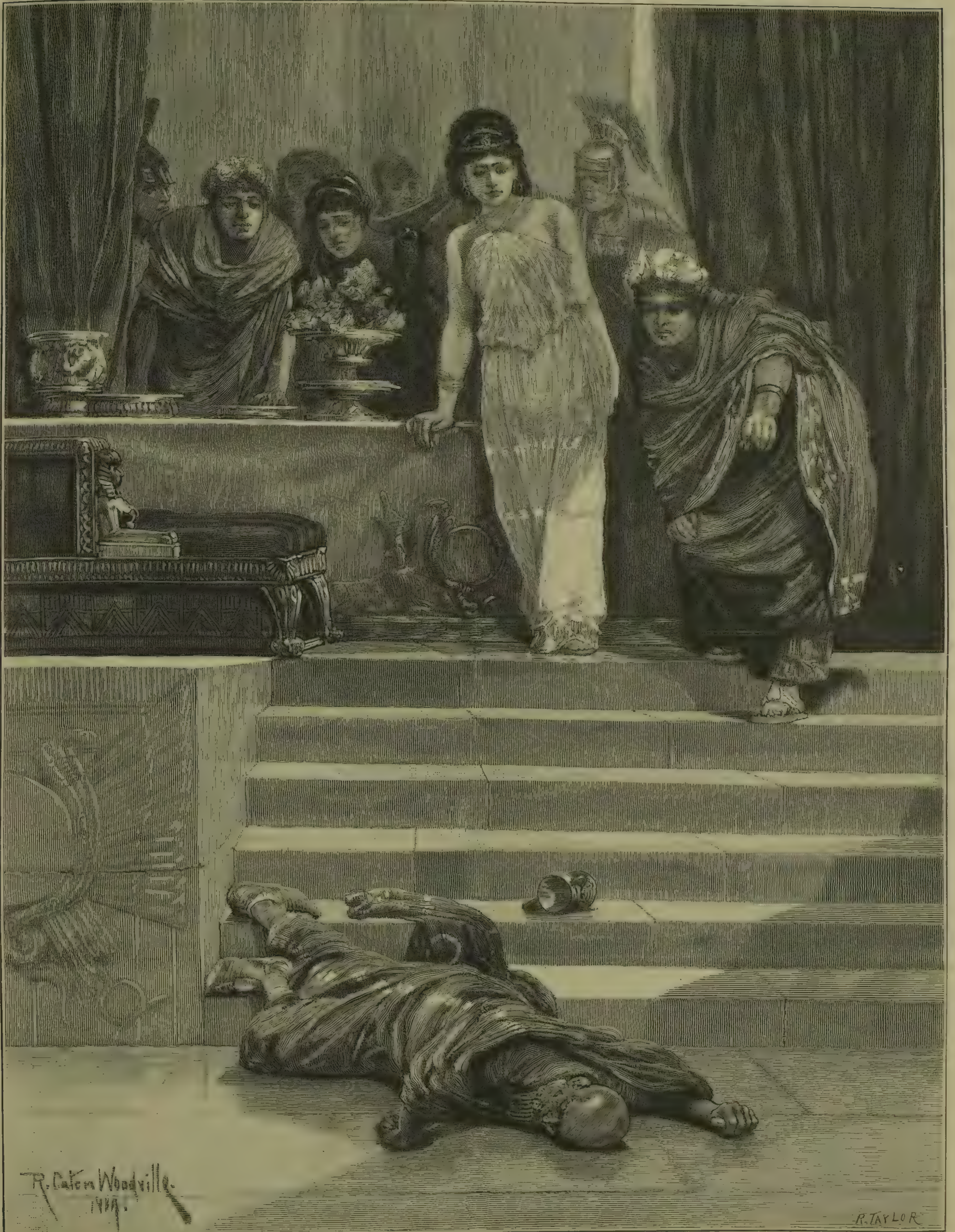
There is a tradition that the poet Boiardo, having vainly attempted one day, as he was riding out, to discover a name for his hero expressive of his lofty character, and at length hitting upon the word *Rodomante*, struck his spurs into his horse, galloped back to his castle, and ordered all the bells of the place to be set ringing in its honour. 'Twas wisely done. A hero with a low, commonplace name is only half a hero, shorn, like the sun in an eclipse, of half his splendour. Boiardo, by-the-way, had a pretty taste in inventing names: to him we owe that divine one—for a pure and beautiful woman—*Angelica*; a name which has enchanted posterity. In this, as in other respects, Ariosto ran him closely. To *Angelica* he added *Medoro*; and *Angelica* and *Medoro* you will allow, I think, to be a happy combination. Others, besides Don Quixote, have fallen in love with the *Dulcinea* of Cervantes. Shakspeare, who excelled in everything, excelled in inventing or selecting names. *Romeo* and *Juliet*—what can be better? *Florizel* and *Perdita*—beautiful! *Imogen*, the "admired," *Miranda*, *Desdemona*, *Hermione*, *Cordelia*—how sweetly these flow from the tongue, how softly they fall on the ear! Spenser's exquisite tact is, of course, beyond dispute. He has dowered literature with the incomparable *Una*, *Belphebe*, *Britomart*, *Gloriana*, *Speranza*, *Sir Trevisan*, and *Alma*—which Prior borrowed. Beaumont and Fletcher have given us *Amoret*. The Cavalier poets, too, deserve our thanks: Herrick's *Julia*, Habington's *Castara*, Lovelace's *Althea*—these be names to charm with! So are the *Undine* of La Motte Fouqué and the *Mignon* of Goethe. A lovely woman ought, in the fitness of things, to have a lovely name; and a gallant, generous, noble-spirited gentleman should also have a name worthy of himself, and one his lady will take a pleasure in repeating. 'Tis all very well for Fielding to dub his coarse fleshly paragon "Tom Jones," or Smollett his crapulous adventurer "Peregrine Pickle"; but we feel that no such vulgar appellation would besem Richardson's high-bred paladin, Sir Charles Grandison.

For myself, I object to the practice which some writers adopt of labelling their creations with names intended to indicate their characteristics, as apothecaries label their gallipots—"Extr. Sennæ," "Pulv. Rhei," and the like. We may except, perhaps, such felicitous instances as Ben Jonson's Sir Epicure Mammon and Sheridan's Mrs. Malaprop; but I have no patience with names so obvious in their intention as Fondlewife, Courtwell, Gripe, Greedy, Backbite, and Witwoud. Our modern dramatists are great offenders in this way, and so are some of our novelists. Among recent writers Dickens is often felicitous in his choice of names—on which indeed he prided himself exceedingly; but he, too, was given to caricatures. Thackeray makes frequently a successful choice; though I resent his "Dobbin," as degrading to a noble character. Now-a-days, I do not detect much novelty in this branch of the author's craft; perhaps there is little room for new discoveries. At any rate, one would hardly set the bells a-ringing for Robert Elsmere, or John Ward, Preacher, or Arminell! Lord Beaconsfield had his moments of inspiration, as in the Marquis of Carabas and Lord St. Aldegonde; and Lord Lytton, as in *Pisistratus Caxton* and *Parson Dale*—which reminds us of Trollope's charming heroine, Lily Dale. Then there is Tennyson, with his *Enid* and *Elaine* and *Vivian* and *Dora* and *Mariana*—but I must leave the reader to pursue, at his pleasure, this interesting line of inquiry.—W. H. D. A.

Colonel the Hon. Richard Stapleton Cotton has accepted the post of General Commissioner of Police at Demerara, British Guiana.

A Parliamentary return states that the net annual income derived by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners during 1888 from property in Wales amounted to £28,796; the annual payments to Bishops, Chapters, Archdeacons, and others, including £1500 paid to St. David's College, Lampeter, to £32,023; and the annual value of grants in augmentation of benefices in Wales was £35,611; the total amounting to £67,634.





DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

"Ah!" said the Queen, with a hard laugh, "the slave died wondrous hard, and fain would have drawn me with him. See, he hath borrowed my garment for a pall! Take him away and bury him in his livery."—CHAP. 28.

"CLEOPATRA,"—BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.



## SKETCHERS' SKIES.

It can scarcely be disputed that most of the finest landscapes ever painted have been what are technically known as sky-pictures—that is to say, where the greater part of canvas or paper is occupied by the sky. We need only turn to the works of such men as Turner, Constable, and Cox of our own school to be convinced of this, whilst the fact is equally borne out by reference to the best known *paysagistes* of the Continent. Nor is it surprising that it should be so when we remember how, as a rule, the whole effect of light and shade, colour, and amount of visible detail of a landscape in nature depends on the sky at the moment of observation. Every part is influenced by it. The ever-changing aspect of the scene obviously must be regulated by the character of its canopy and the atmosphere due to it. Thus the very simplest subjects, the very flattest, and what is generally regarded as uninteresting country, afford all that is necessary for the skilled artist to turn out a magnificent picture, does he but embrace it, as we may say, with a telling and beautiful sky. By its means he often elevates the commonplace to the sublime; by its means he expresses the sentiment and poetry of his work, and to this reason, in a large degree, is attributable most of the practical difficulties of landscape-painting. For who that has ever attempted sketching from nature, even in its most rudimentary form, has not found the sky to be the stumbling-block on the threshold, paradoxical as the expression sounds; the absolute tone of the grass at his feet is influenced by what is over his head.

Tyros in the art no less than the thoughtless multitude make no commoner mistake than that of supposing there is no sketching to be done unless they are in the midst of what is called fine scenery. Without for a moment undervaluing the advantages and charm of natural beauty, either in isolated objects or splendid combinations, it is, nevertheless, a fact that often the best work is produced in regions far from attractive to the general observer, and this wholly on account of the way in which the sky is treated. After all, the weather, which means the sky, is everything: the subject comparatively unimportant. Again, there prevails an erroneous idea that fine weather, in the usual acceptance of the term, is the best for sketching. The contrary in nine cases out of ten is really the case, and from this fact, as we say, the landscape painter in the field finds himself beset by trouble on all hands. His unavoidable contention with the hostility of the elements constitutes almost the chief obstacle to the prosperous progress of his efforts. The highest dexterity and skill are frequently unavailing in face of the wind, rain, heat, cold, storm, or sunshine which he has to brave; for it is probably during such alternations that the effects most suitable for his purpose and subject occur.

The true sketchers' skies are generally those which most people consider as unfavourable for out-of-door occupations—not to speak of one essentially delicate, ticklish, and refined. We do not, of course, mean to say this is always so. Happily, there are moments when all things unite to forward the object in hand: moments which lend themselves in every respect to a successful issue, when soft genial airs and tender gleamy lights prevail, when peace and quiet reign supreme in the heavens and on the earth, and when, above all, these atmospheric conditions suit the subject literally, as the phrase goes, "down to the ground"—even from the zenith! At such times, verily, it may be said there are few open-air occupations to compare with sketching; and if in the changing sky we still discover the chief source of perplexity, and one demanding the exercise of our greatest dexterity, we still stand the best chance we ever have of capturing its beauties faithfully. The clouds often appear quite stationary, or, at worst, move so slowly that the eye can follow them even while the hand depicts; their forms scarcely change in their progress across the azure vault, and they are succeeded by others so closely resembling them that the mind readily catches sufficient to enable something like a fairish transcript to be made of the whole. In the language of the studio, our models are amiable and "sit well." We have time to contemplate them in detail, to observe their subtlest variations of colour, tone, form, what not, and their relations to and effects one upon another. Moreover, the features of the landscape respond with equal deliberation to the expression cast upon them from above, and smile or frown, look grave or gay with becoming dignity and an absence of unseemly haste. In a word, every item of the scene offers itself for pictorial reproduction. The merit of the picture under these circumstances will alone depend upon our own ability to represent, as far as paint and patience can, what we see before us at the moment.

But such conjunctions are rare in sketching from Nature. The great mother is usually restless, capricious, intractable, if not absolutely unmanageable in temper. Her moods are variable, her action often sudden and unexpected, and the worst is that she more frequently than not looks her best at such times. Further, she is constantly throwing out hints of the choicest and entirely unlooked-for attractions, and yet never sufficiently completing her suggestions to enable us to perpetuate them; hints, as it were, of what she could if she would. And when she does this—when she chooses to reveal for a moment what loveliness she is capable of, it is only for a moment, and we are left with nothing but our memory to depend on, in our efforts to reproduce what we have seen. Indeed, the sketchers' skies when wholly successful must be more or less the result of memory—memory trained to the utmost pitch, and assisted by rapidity of hand and that command of material which time and long experience only can give. The sketch-book as far as skies are concerned cannot fail to become, more or less, a mere notebook; a succession of hieroglyphics, incomprehensible and useless almost to any but the owner; an *omnium gatherum* of jottings, scrawls, smudges, dabs, dots, and blots—mere aids to memory—that supremest quality of the landscape-painter, without which he can never hope to be a great one. Not that it is by any means indispensable for all painters, but the sketcher from Nature has to exercise it infinitely oftener than he who, in the comfort and security of the studio, deals with the human form divine, and with matters and objects, which, on the whole, are stationary, unchanging, and unaffected by that high north light which, as a rule, sheds an equal illumination at all times and seasons.

The question has often been raised as to which of the two branches of art should be assigned the first place—that of the figure-painter or that of the landscape-painter. At best, it is hardly worth discussion—certainly not here. They are both noble pursuits, and should be followed, as they generally are, without regard to which is the higher. In the eyes of the public, no less than those of the connoisseur, a fine landscape claims as much consideration as a fine figure subject—except that, to the majority, the human interest in the latter gains for it a somewhat wider attention. Be this as it may, it can scarcely be disputed that the mere mechanical difficulties incidental to painting or sketching out of doors are greater than those which occur within four walls, and it is the recognition

of this fact which has brought about the now common habit amongst *paysagistes* of erecting regular encampments in the shape of huts, and even glass-houses, on those wild or rural spots whence the subject is to be studied and executed. The white umbrella, however, still holds its ground (wind permitting), as affording adequate protection for the sketcher pure and simple—and certainly for the modern impressionist. Remembering, too, how transient are the beauties of most skies, it is generally sufficient to enable him to make his jottings and blottings of them at least in tolerable security; whilst as an emblem of his gentle craft it can never fail to be regarded as an agreeable and suggestive object, whenever we catch sight of it, planted on the country-side.

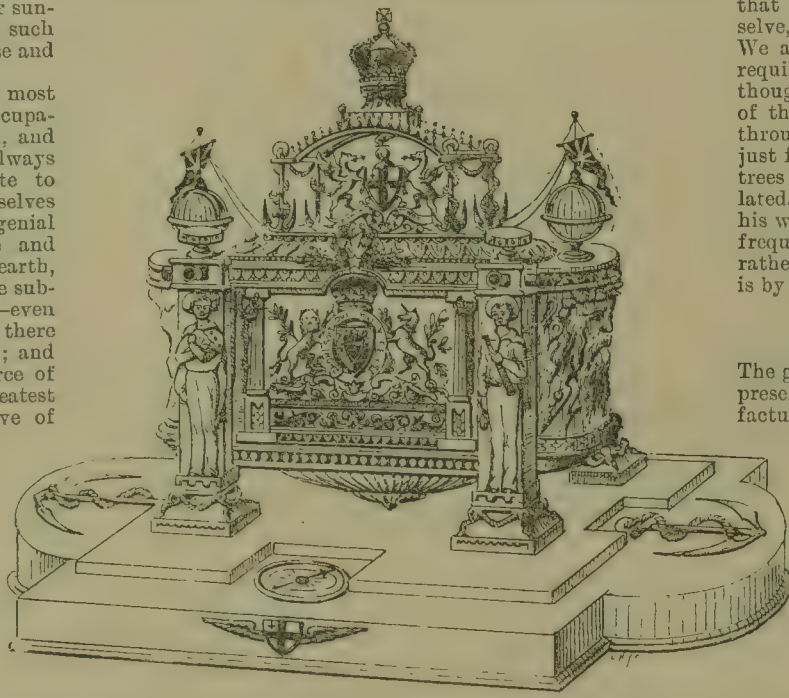
W. W. F.

## ROYAL VISIT TO THE CITY.

His Royal Highness Prince George of Wales was presented with the freedom of the City of London, at Guildhall, on Saturday, June 1; when the presence of the Prince of Wales, who accompanied his son, with the Duke of Cambridge and Prince George of Greece enhanced the dignity and interest of the occasion.

The Lord Mayor, with the two Sheriffs and the Special Committee of the Corporation for the reception of their Royal Highnesses, met the Princes in the porch of Guildhall at half-past one o'clock, and conducted them into the great hall, where they took their seats on the dais. The Prince of Wales sat on the Lord Mayor's right hand; on his left hand was Prince George of Wales, sitting in front of the Duke of Cambridge and Prince George of Greece. The Recorder, the Common Serjeant, the Chamberlain, and other City officers, and the Aldermen in their scarlet robes were seated on the dais.

A Court of Common Council having been opened, the acting Prime Warden of the Fishmongers' Company handed to the Chamberlain the certificate and vouchers of the admission of Prince George of Wales to that Company on May 18; whereupon his Highness subscribed the customary declaration. The Chamberlain then addressed him, stating that the Court of Common Council had resolved to admit him to the freedom of their Corporation. This would make an unbroken succession of four generations of the Royal family who had received the civic freedom, comprising the Duke of Kent, great-grandfather of Prince George; the late Prince Consort, his grandfather; the Prince of Wales, his father; the Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught, and Albany, his uncles; and Prince Albert Victor of Wales,



CASKET OF FREEDOM OF CITY OF LONDON PRESENTED TO PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.

his brother. The Chamberlain further remarked that this day was the anniversary of the memorable naval victory of Lord Howe, and invited his Royal Highness to inspect a letter concerning it, and one written by Lord Nelson after the victory of the Nile, which must be interesting to the Prince as a naval officer. He observed also that the pedestal of the gold casket, in which he now presented an illuminated copy of the certificate of freedom to his Royal Highness, was made up of a piece of oak from Nelson's flag-ship, the Victory.

Prince George of Wales briefly thanked the Lord Mayor and the Corporation for this great honour, signed the roll of honorary freemen, and shook hands with the Lord Mayor. Their Royal Highnesses were entertained with luncheon at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor, with three hundred guests at table. The health of the Royal family was drunk, and speeches were made by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince George of Wales. The Prince of Wales cordially thanked the Corporation of London for the kind manner in which they had received his younger son.

WILL BE READY JUNE 17.

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## ART NOTES.

At the Fine-Art Society's Gallery (148, New Bond-street) Mr. Alexander Scott's sketches in India certainly open up wholly new ground. Cashmere and Nepal have before now found illustrators, but Sikkim, the Tibetan mountains and the Himalayan frontiers have hitherto been left to scientific explorers or enterprising war correspondents. Even when dealing with spots comparatively familiar, such as the Teral or the Neilgherries, Mr. Scott seems to have got away from the ordinary beaten tracks and to have found scenes of beauty and grandeur at once new and inspiring. To those who have lived in India the contrast between the bright colours in the sky and clouds with the dull-coloured earth and rocks or faded foliage will be nothing new, but to those accustomed to the brilliant ground colours of Scotch and Alpine scenery these sketches will bring some consolation, should their wanderings have been restricted to Europe. We are, however, not a little indebted to Mr. Scott for introducing us to so many scenes of interest—both on the northern frontiers of India and in the recesses of the southern forests. Many of his pictures, especially those taken among the Lama monasteries on the Thibetan frontier, must have been painted not only under considerable difficulties, but in many cases under some danger, for few artists can boast of having pursued their work at an elevation of 15,000 or 16,000 ft. above the sea-level, or at times when the paint froze in their brushes. Such, however, were Mr. Scott's experiences, and if he had had less modesty and prefixed to the catalogue a short account of his wanderings, it would have added very considerably to the interest which this collection of sketches cannot fail to excite amongst those who are acquainted with India and those who wish in vain for a sight of the grandeur of Mount Everest and the snow-clad giants of the Himalayas.

At the Goupil Galleries (116, New Bond-street) may be seen an interesting collection of oil-paintings by Mr. A. D. Peppercorn, who on more than one occasion has furnished materials for an exhibition in this country. Mr. Peppercorn is a follower of Corot to such an extent that he loses all his own individuality in imitations of his master's style; but, unfortunately, he does not possess that flash of brilliancy or of genius which illuminates every canvas on which the French painter worked. Here and there among the pictures now on view we get the brighter side of Nature; but, as a rule, Mr. Peppercorn delights in somewhat dull and depressing reflections of what passes before his eyes. The real merit of his work is its absolute truthfulness—its belief that woods and fields and running water must of themselves, if honestly rendered, produce a picturesque result. We are not disposed to quarrel with this assumption, but we require the painter to express what we feel is in the landscape, though we ourselves are unable to describe it—just as we ask of the poet to express in words thoughts which pass unclothed through our minds. It is here, we think, that Mr. Peppercorn just falls short. The "things unseen," which lie behind the trees or haunt the distant hills, are left untouched or untranslated. The luminous atmosphere which Corot threw behind his work is wanting, and the most poetic conceptions are too frequently left gaunt and bare, testifying to a morbid feeling rather than to lack of technical skill, in which Mr. Peppercorn is by no means deficient.

## CASKET FOR PRINCE GEORGE.

The gold casket to contain the freedom of the City of London presented to Prince George of Wales was designed and manufactured by Mr. George Edward, Court goldsmith and jeweller, 62, Piccadilly. The casket is made of gold, silver, enamel, and a few precious stones. Its shape is oblong, with rounded ends; it is supported by square pillars at the corners, and each pillar is surmounted by a capital, from the sides of which a gun is visible, projecting from a porthole. On the capital rests the compass. The top of the casket is a ship's bridge, resting on four upright anchors, and above the bridge is the Imperial crown, enamelled in colours, and jewelled with precious stones. Under the bridge are the City arms, in carved gold, also enamelled in heraldic colours. The design of the top of the casket symbolises the safety of British commerce under the protection of the British Navy.

At each end of the casket, above the most forward point of the curved end, is a globe, surmounted by the flag of the Royal Navy, and symbolising the world's navigation. In each niche of the corner pillars is a statuette figure of the English sailor; the base of each pillar is ornamented with ropes. Each end of the casket carries the head of Neptune, in bold relief, with appropriate surroundings. The front panel bears the full coat of arms of his Royal Highness, in proper heraldic colours, surrounded with laurel and oak leaves, and surmounted by the Prince of Wales's plumes, with the crescent, the proper mark of the second son of the Heir-Apparent. The back panel, which forms the opening of the casket, bears the inscription. The immediate base is of polished silver, representing water; and this rests on a foundation of polished oak, inlaid on the two sides and ends with silver compasses and anchors, and on the edges with the City shield and wings, all of silver.

## CONTINENTAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR WHITSUNTIDE.

Cheap tickets will be issued by the Great Eastern Railway Company and also from the Midland Counties and the north of England, direct—via Peterborough, March and Harwich—to the Continent, enabling passengers to visit Brussels, the Ardennes, Holland, the Rhine, &c. Passengers leave London and the North on the Friday or Saturday, and can return from the Continent on any day the following week, leaving Antwerp or Rotterdam in the evening. The Great Eastern Railway, in conjunction with the General Steam Navigation Company, have arranged a special excursion, via Harwich, to Hamburg and Berlin on June 5. The tickets to Berlin by this excursion are the cheapest that have ever been issued from London to that city.

On Whit Monday it will be thirty-five years since the Queen, speaking beneath the great arch of the centre transept, declared the Crystal Palace open, and to celebrate this anniversary a great fête has been organised. The special list of free entertainments and amusements includes national promenade concerts, comic pantomime and novelty variety entertainments on lawns, balloon ascents, fountain displays, military assault-at-arms, outdoor sports, ventriloquial and musical entertainment, race between bicycle and trotters driven in sulkies, and a Garden Fête and Feast of Lanterns, with illumination of the great fountains, and special anniversary display of fireworks.

The *Gazette* contains the official notification of the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire and report as to the effect of vaccination in reducing the prevalence of and the mortality from smallpox, what other reliable means can be used, and the nature and extent of the injurious effects (if any) resulting from the practice of vaccination.



## THE CALAIS HARBOUR IMPROVEMENTS.

The President of the French Republic, M. Carnot, visited Calais on June 3, to attend public festivities at the opening of the new harbour and docks, which have been several years in construction, and of which some account was given in this Journal, with a plan, at the commencement of the works. These improvements will make that French port, which is within sight of Dover, accessible at all seasons to ships of large tonnage entering with the ordinary tide. Hitherto, although the entrance channel was deep and easily approached, the old basin could receive large vessels only during a few days of each month. The accommodation for unloading their cargoes was also limited. Henceforth, there will be ample facilities for a great increase of import traffic, while the steam-boat service between Dover and Calais will be rendered quicker and more punctual than would have been possible under former conditions.

The new ship entrance to the port of Calais is through a grand channel, with a depth of ten metres, nearly 33 ft., at high tide, between two jetties erected at a distance of 120 metres apart (394 ft.), which is the width of the passage. Within, at the extremity of this entrance, are the new basins and docks, which must be shortly described, and of which we present some illustrations. The "Bassin des Chasses," for the shelter of small vessels, need not be particularly noticed. The old harbour basins, within the "Chenal," marked in the left-hand portion of the Plan, are to be deepened.

The outer harbour, "Avant-port," is of immense size, 400 metres long (1312 ft.); and 170 metres (558 ft.) wide. Its north side is occupied by a quay, 550 metres in length (1800 ft.), which will be entirely devoted to the passenger and mail service of the steam-boats plying between Calais and Dover. The depth of water at this quay in the lowest ebb tide is 13 ft. 2 in., so that at any hour of the day or night, these boats can land or embark their passengers and mails. The corresponding railway-trains will, therefore, not fail to depart or to arrive at the moment appointed for them. Three or four times in the day, Channel steam-boats can now leave the port of Calais; but, whenever the increase of passenger traffic demands an additional number of trains for the through journey between England and the Continent, it will only be for the railway companies to make their arrangements; Calais is already prepared for any amount of such traffic either way.

On this grand quay of the steam-boats connected with the railway is a magnificent railway-station, to and from which there is a covered passage at the landing from the boats. The station building comprises a large and most comfortable railway hotel, with bed-rooms for forty guests, their windows having a view either of the sea or of the port, and with refreshment buffets, dining-rooms, saloons, and reading-rooms, furnished in the most convenient manner.

The opposite or south side of this great harbour-basin is adapted for large ships, such as Atlantic steamers, to lie afloat in 26 ft. deep water at low tide, and in perfect safety, if they intend a stay of only a few hours at Calais. But this is only the outer harbour; and beyond it is an inner dock, the "Bassin-à-flot," with an area of twenty-four acres, protected from the tide by flood-gates, opened and shut by hydraulic engines, and capable of receiving ships of any size or draught of water. This dock is surrounded by quays, the total extent of which is a mile and a quarter, with rails or trams laid all along them, and is furnished with sheds, moveable cranes lifting weights of forty tons, windlasses, and capstans, all worked by hydraulic-machine power, as are the dock-gates and bridges. The sill at the entrance has 23 ft. 6 in. depth of water at low tide.

A graving-dock, "Forme de radoub," admitting the largest vessels for repairs or cleaning, has also been provided; and there will be two other graving-docks, as soon as they are required by the traffic of the port.

Communicating with the dock which has been described is an interior spacious basin, to receive a large number of barges and lighters for the canal traffic, by which goods of foreign merchandise, imported at Calais, are cheaply conveyed to different parts of France. It is considered, on the other hand, that some branches of the export trade of France will be much benefited, especially that of the lace and tulle from the northern manufacturing towns; and that Calais will become an important commercial port in consequence of these great improvements. The works, originally designed in 1875 by M. De Freycinet, then Prime Minister, have been executed under the direction of M. Vettillart, chief engineer of the firm of Messrs. Stoecklin, Ploeg, Guillaud, and Vettillart; and M. Charguérand, resident engineer of the port. The total cost will be about £1,680,000. The Mayor, M. Wintrebert, and the President of the Chamber of Commerce, M. Fournier, have jointly sent invitations, to English as well as French journalists, to visit Calais and inspect the new harbour and docks. The opening ceremonies and festivities, comprising a grand banquet and a ball, attended by President Carnot, who was himself an eminent professional civil engineer, will demand further notice.

## NEW BOOKS ON THE CONGO.

*River-Life on the Congo: A Visit to Stanley's Rear-Guard.* By J. R. Werner (W. Blackwood and Sons).—Mr. John Rose Troup, who was a member of Mr. H. M. Stanley's present expedition to relieve Emin Pasha, and who is personally well known to us, was compelled by illness to leave Major Barttelot's fortified camp at Yambuya, on the Aruwihimi, in June last year. Since his return to England, he has been preparing a narrative of the expedition, which is now about to be published, and we shall read it with great interest. Mr. Troup has written a letter taking objection to part of the title which has been given, either by the publishers or by the author, to Mr. Werner's book. In our judgment, the title is strictly correct; for the contents of this volume, which are fully covered by the more general description, "River-Life on the Congo," also include the account of Mr. Werner's "Visit to Stanley's Rear-Guard," at Yambuya, from May 8 to May 11, occupying just fourteen pages; that of subsequent meetings with Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson at Stanley Falls, where those gentlemen, shortly before their lamented death, were in conference with their Arab slave-trading ally, the notorious Tippoo Tip; and that of a second visit to the camp at Yambuya, from June 5 to June 9; making altogether nearly thirty pages of direct personal testimony, from Mr. Werner's own observation, concerning the "rear-guard" part of Mr. Stanley's expedition. Mr. Troup, who

left the Aruwihimi on the same day, June 9, by another steamer, when Mr. Werner finally went down the river, is undoubtedly in a position to tell us a great deal more of this expedition, which he had accompanied from its commencement, than Mr. Werner can tell us; but Mr. Werner's book is of considerable value. While Mr. Troup, who had previously served on the Lower Congo, under Stanley, in temporary charge of stations, and who is mentioned with approval in Stanley's last book, held the office of storekeeper in the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, Mr. Werner, from June, 1886, to October, 1888, was employed by the Congo Free State as engineer of one of their river steam-boats.

This boat, called the "A.I.A." (Association Internationale Africaine), a steam-launch, built of steel, 42 ft. long, 7 ft. 6 in. broad, and 5 ft. deep, drawing properly 3 ft. of water, did excellent service under Mr. Werner's management during those two years. He lived mostly on board his vessel, which he brought from Leopoldville, Stanley Pool, to Bangala, the headquarters of the "Upper Congo" region, north of the Equator, on the great bend of the river, from east to west, extending over seven degrees of longitude between Bangala and Stanley Falls. The navigation of this part of the Congo is, therefore, perfectly familiar to Mr. Werner; and he was the first, we believe, to explore one of its northern tributaries, the Ngala, which was thought to be a branch of the Oubangi-Wellé. Stanley Falls, at present the farthest point of steam navigation, and virtually the limit of civilised rule under existing conditions, is situated in about the 26th degree of east latitude, at a point above which the true Upper Congo flows to the northward from the chain of lakes and rivers discovered by Livingstone, Cameron, and Stanley. We would suggest that the section of the great river between Stanley Falls and Bangala, forming a vast curve across the central region of Africa, very conspicuous in the map, should be called the Middle Congo, reserving the distinction of "Upper Congo" for the part south of Stanley Falls. It is the Middle Congo, then, with which we are chiefly occupied in reading Mr. Werner's narratives and descriptions; though in his earlier chapters, as might be expected, there is some account of places on the Lower Congo; of Banana, the seaport at its mouth; of Boma, the trading town

Tippoo Tip, or Hamel bin Mohammed bin Juma Borajib, a black man, the son of a Zanzibar Arab by a Mirima woman, a devout Mussulman and a consummate scoundrel, is the real King of the Eastern Congo. The Congo State Government, represented by Mr. H. M. Stanley at Zanzibar in February, 1887, not being able to put down this usurper, who claimed to rule East Africa with authority from the Sultan of Zanzibar, was fain to appoint him ruler at Stanley Falls, with a salary, and with liberty to amass wealth by his own devices. He has converted the Manyemas into his armed retainers; established at Nyangwé, on the Lualaba, the greatest African slave-market; destroyed the once flourishing Stanley Falls station, which was nobly defended by Mr. Walter Deane in September, 1886; and carried on, if not in person, still by his agents and for his private gain, frequent raids for plunder, havoc, and slavery, causing the death of thousands of defenceless folk, and devastating large countries. He is now so rich and mighty and so well informed of the real weakness of the Congo State, having passed all the way up that river with Mr. Stanley in the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, that he will not fear to put it at defiance as soon as he sees his opportunity. It is quite possible that he may hereafter be strong enough, like the Mahdi of the Sudan, to defy any of the European military Powers, being far out of their reach from the coast. There is reason to believe that his treachery had something to do with the assassination of Major Barttelot by some of his Manyema followers; and it will be observed that Mr. Stanley chooses another route to come home.

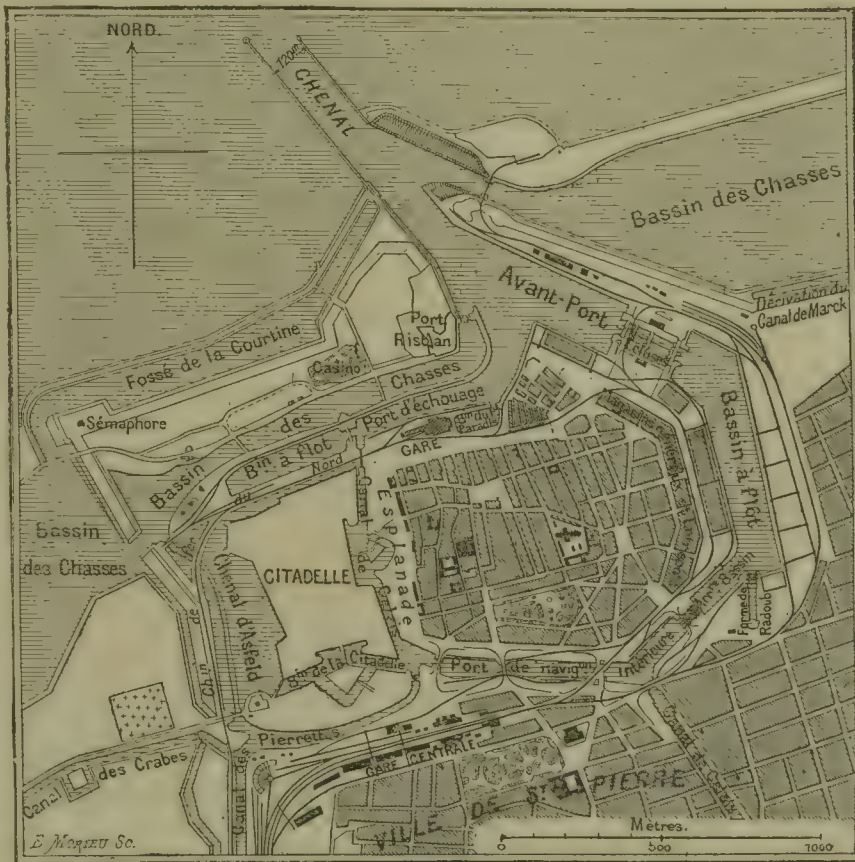
Mr. Werner's interesting book relates the memorable affair of the attack on the Stanley Falls station, where his steamer, with Captain Coquilhat, arrived just in time to save the life of Mr. Deane, who was a naked and starving fugitive; he also gives us some touching particulars of the last days of Major Barttelot and of Mr. Jameson, and of the exertions and sufferings borne by Mr. Herbert Ward, one of the most devoted and self-sacrificing members of the expedition. The portraits of these gentlemen, and that of Mr. Stanley, with some good views of Congo scenery, adorn the volume, which is also furnished with a very good map.

*The First Ascent of the Kasai; Under the Lone Star.* By

C. Somerville Latrobe Bateman (G. Philip and Son).—In the history of the United States of America, many years ago, the "Lone Star" meant the flag of the self-styled State of Texas, before its admission to the Union. The Congo Free State, founded by European diplomatic consent to work out the problem of Central African civilisation, does not seek to join any others; but its flag is a single five-rayed gold star on a blue ground. Mr. Latrobe Bateman, who had previously resided on the south-west coast of Africa, as agent for a Liverpool trading firm, in July, 1884, entered the service of the "Association Internationale Africaine," which was afterwards transformed into the Congo State. He held the semi-military rank of Captain and Adjutant of its Gendarmerie, and was engaged in different active services, before the end of September, 1885, the date from which this narrative begins. Its special topic is the account of a steam-boat voyage up the Kwa, the Kasai, and the Lulua, rivers forming, with the Sankoro, the most important waters tributary to the Lower Congo from the interior region south of its main course, between the third and the eighth degrees of south latitude. That region, bordering the Portuguese territories of Loanda and Angola westward, and separated by highlands eastward from that of the sources of the Upper Congo, is of much geographical and ethnological interest. The land is fertile, and is not excessively overgrown with forest, like the banks of the Congo; the climate seems to be healthier, and some of the natives, Bakuba, Bakete, Bashilange, and Baluba, are skilful and industrious. The Congo State ought to succeed in making them peaceable subjects and useful contributors to a profitable trade. Tippoo Tip and the Arab marauders of East Africa will never come near them; but we regret to learn that the internal slave-trade, with the outrages by which it is sustained, finds aiders and instigators among the low Portuguese dealers in ivory, a pursuit that is almost everywhere in Africa combined with procuring forced negro labour to carry the heavy tasks.

Such operations may be studied in the narrative of Senhor Carvalho's and Senhor Saturnino's doings, in the sixth chapter of this book. It is evidently a remunerative practice to buy slaves merely for use as beasts of burthen in a single long journey; and we believe that this motive, while ivory fetches a high price, will keep up the atrocious system of kidnapping men and women, after the external slave-trade is entirely stopped. But Mr. Latrobe Bateman, who is a good observer, an agreeable writer, and an amateur artist of some talent, gives us plenty of entertainment by his descriptions of the country and people. His commission there was, firstly, to escort, under Dr. Wolf, a party of the Bashilange-Baluba men returning home after serving Lieutenant Wissmann and Dr. Wolf in their expedition of geographical research, which had been aided by Calemba, the King of that nation; and, secondly, to establish a new station of the Congo Government at Luebo, on the Lulua river. Books on the Congo and its amazing labyrinth of secondary streams have almost wearied us of river steam-navigation; but this author's sketches of river scenery, his notes on the animal and vegetable forms of life, above all, on the manners and customs of the human race in those parts, are fresh and attractive. The people are diligent cultivators of the soil, clever weavers of cloth and workers of iron, and builders of neat houses and towns, but timid and clumsy as boatmen and fishermen. Their superstitions are very curious, but they seem to be endowed with much natural intelligence; and the individual characters of King Calemba and his neighbour Chilunga Meso, an ecstatic mystic prophet, whom the author visited near Lulua, are decidedly amusing. This volume, with its fine illustrations, is deserving of public favour.

The Royal Commission appointed to consider the question has come to the conclusion that London ought to have a teaching University, and it has decided, further, that that institution should in some way be affiliated with the existing so-called University, which is really only a board of examination. The latter decision was not arrived at with perfect unanimity. Three distinguished members of the Commission—Sir William Thomson, Sir G. G. Stokes, and Mr. Weldon—report that, though they give way to the pressure of numbers, they would have preferred an institution distinct from the present University, as they doubt the possibility of effectually combining the functions of an examining, and a teaching as well as examining, body.



PLAN OF THE NEW HARBOUR AND DOCKS AT CALAIS.

at the head of its estuary; of Vivi, the original site of Stanley's first settlement; and of Leopoldville, the new capital of the Congo State, with other adjacent stations on the shores of Stanley Pool.

With regard to the prospects of the Congo State, which has a recognised political independence, the King of the Belgians, as its President, being merely the head of a council or Board of Directors at Brussels, the author of this book, though no longer in its service, discreetly refrains from expressing a positive opinion. We apprehend that, in forming a judgment on its success, and on its future chances, it will be well to consider separately the state of affairs in each of the three main sections of the great river, the Lower, the Middle, and the Upper Congo, taking the middle section as that part which begins at the Equator, or at Bangala, and which ends at Stanley Falls. The safety and prosperity of the western or Lower Congo division, with its centre at Stanley Pool, would seem to be assured. The construction of the projected railway from Boma to Leopoldville, by avoiding the Yellala, Isangila, and Manyanga cataracts of the river, would open a road for commerce which is likely to be remunerative. Much progress has actually been effected in the civilisation of this region; the natives are well disposed, and there is no slave-trade. On the Middle Congo, above Bangala, the position of the European agencies of civilisation, the Government officials, the trading companies, and the religious missions, appears to be still dependent on the continued employment of armed force along the river, without which it would be extremely precarious. Mr. Werner relates several instances, within his own experience, of sharp conflicts and severe punishments occasioned by the hostility of native tribes, at Bokuti and Bokumbi, and at Upoto, among the Langa-Langa, and of the savage cruelties which they practise on each other. But the eastern Congo region nominally comprised in the State territorial dominion, seems to have been entirely lost; it has recently been invaded and overrun by the ferocious Manyemas, from the south, under the leadership of Tippoo Tip and other Arabs, well furnished with fire-arms; and the condition of its native races, the Bakumu and the Wenya, about Stanley Falls, is most deplorable. Slave-dealers send kidnapping expeditions far and wide, ravaging the whole country with fire and slaughter. There is some danger that this invasion of ruthless and rapacious barbarism will spread northward and westward; and that the Middle Congo, perhaps as far as Bangala, may be exposed one day to warfare of a more alarming character than the isolated village outbreaks hitherto related.





1. GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN AND PORT.

2. CENTRAL RAILWAY STATION AND HOTEL (NORTH FRONT TOWARDS THE SEA).

3. PORT RAILWAY STATION.

4. HYDRAULIC-ENGINE HOUSES AT THE DOCKS.

THE NEW HARBOUR AND DOCKS AT CALAIS.



## MAGAZINES FOR JUNE.

*Nineteenth Century*.—The proposed extension to women, being independent householders or lodgers or proprietors, of the right of voting in the election of members of Parliament, is regarded by some ladies with a certain dislike. An "Appeal" to what is called "the common-sense and the educated thought of the men and women of England," against this proposal, which yet has the approval of some eminent Conservative as well as Liberal statesmen, is admitted by the editor, who further allows the insertion of a fly-leaf, with blank spaces, for signatures to a "Women's Protest." More than a hundred names are subscribed to the "Appeal," including several ladies of rank, a few esteemed authoresses, and many wives of public men or men of letters. They consider it very good that women should be not only electors but members of School Boards and Boards of Guardians; but they contend that women cannot understand "questions of foreign or colonial policy, or of grave constitutional change." We wonder at this intellectual limitation among the countrywomen of the late Mrs. Austin, to whom Guizot was accustomed to confide his most serious thoughts of French and European politics. We say nothing of our Queen's habitual attention to great questions of State policy; but we find Lady Verney, in this very magazine, criticising the whole internal government of Russia, and the conduct of "Six Generations of Czars," as if unconscious of the imbecility of her sex. It would logically follow that the Primrose League dames should be suppressed by legal enactment. Mlle. Blaze De Bury writes on the Théâtre Français, and Mrs. Priestley on the causes and conditions of malaria; Sir Mountstuart Elphinstone Grant-Duff, on India; Prince Kropotkin, on the great French Revolution; Mr. Edward Clifford, on the martyr of charity to the Hawaiian lepers, Father Damien; Mr. S. Plimsoll, on the preventible loss of merchant-vessels; the Rev. H. P. Dunster, on a parcels-post for small articles of agricultural produce; Mr. E. N. Buxton, on the hunting of the mouflon, or wild sheep, in Sardinia; and Lord Ebrington, on the management of a corrupt Barnstable election in 1747. Professor Huxley, standing vigorously on the defensive against his clerical assailants, proves that one may disbelieve in the authenticity of the New Testament narratives without being a dishonest man.

*Contemporary Review*.—The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Walsh, relates his efforts to introduce a system of arbitration for the disputes between landlords and tenants in Ireland. Mr. Frederick Greenwood, late editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, is just now exercised in mind by "the Mystery of our Foreign Relations," which he thinks Lord Salisbury is obliged by some other mystery to keep too much to himself. How if it were the truth, after all, that we have no foreign relations? The accomplished lady-writer on aesthetics who uses the name of "Vernon Lee" reports a dialogue between imaginative connoisseurs at Rome on "the use of the beautiful." Sir Morell Mackenzie gives practical advice to speakers and singers on the care and training of the voice and throat. "From Metaphysics to History," by the Rev. Dr. Hatch, traces the change of intellectual attitude which has had its effect on theological, as well as other, speculative and experimental philosophy. The progress of the Savage Club, founded in 1857, is related by Mr. E. J. Goodman. Dr. Birkbeck Hill, who knows Samuel Johnson more thoroughly, we believe, than Boswell ever did, being more capable of comprehending his large mind, proves by numerous citations that the great political Tory and orthodox churchman was a Radical at heart on all questions of human rights. The eminent geologist, Sir J. W. Dawson, F.R.S., of Montreal, adheres to his creed of the conformity of "Genesis" with modern scientific knowledge. Mr. W. J. Stead tries to explain the popularity of General Boulanger in Republican France. Proposals for the more complete organisation and equipment of the Volunteers, by Colonel C. B. Brackenbury, are accompanied by the Lord Mayor of London, Alderman Whitehead, with a project for creating a special fund to pay the cost.

*Fortnightly Review*.—The Revolution of 1789, as Mr. Frederic Harrison shows, was not a French Revolution merely, but a deep and broad movement, intellectual and moral, social and political, effectively practical, which has actually transformed the condition of all civilised nations in Europe and America. Lord Wolsley, regarding it as a French Revolution, chiefly in its military manifestations, estimates the great changes to which it has conducted in the composition of armies, and in the practice of war. "A Conversation in a Balcony" is not the title we should have expected for an article by Mr. Frederick Greenwood; and the interlocutors, Mrs. Compton and Mr. Bourne, at an hotel in Geneva, looking up at the stars, talk of the mysteries of the spiritual life, not of the policy of Bismarck. The Marquis of Lorne, taking up again the plan which he suggested in 1884, recommends separate Provincial Assemblies for Leinster, Munster, Ulster, and Connaught, instead of an Irish Parliament. The Jockey Club will perhaps deign to consider Mr. William Day's suggestions for a Reform of the Turf. The injury to the working classes of England by unrestricted foreign immigration is forcibly denounced by Mr. E. C. K. Gonner. Dr. E. A. Freeman, in reply to Mr. J. D. Bouchier, contends that the reigning House of Austria and Hungary deals unfairly with the national liberties of South-eastern Europe. Lady Dilke earnestly advocates benefit societies and trades' unions for women. Dr. Robson Roose examines the chances and conditions of longevity. The case of the Egyptian bondholders is investigated by a financial critic, who denies that they have any right to object to the redemption or paying-off of the Five per Cent Privileged Loan. Señora Emilia Pardo Bazan gives an interesting account of the present position of women in Spain.

*National Review*.—The article on "Vaccination," by Dr. Creighton, in the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," draws forth strictures by Mr. H. Preston-Thomas on its statements and arguments, which claim the notice of those who feel it a duty to form a correct judgment. Mr. Gallenga dissents from many of Mr. Gladstone's opinions concerning the domestic affairs of Italy, expressed in the article which Mr. Gladstone contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* for May. The progress hitherto effected in the pacification and orderly government of our lately-annexed Burmese dominions is reviewed by Mr. Demetrius Boulger, who thinks it not unsatisfactory. Mr. F. Pincott contends that the Indian National Congress has been unfavourably misrepresented by British officials. The variability and irregularity of the English climate or weather are illustrated by Lord Lymington with a collection of old recorded instances. Mr. Herbert Haines and Mr. R. Scott Moffatt severally treat of a most important point in our national policy; the supply of our food greatly from foreign

countries, with the uncertainty of its protection by international law in time of war. The Sugar Convention is defended by Mr. R. G. Webster, M.P. An essay on family life in ancient Rome, by Mr. E. Strahan Morgan, has some interest; and so has the memoir, by Mr. A. Sanders, of one of Galileo's daughters, who was a nun at Padua, bearing the name of "Sister Celeste."

*Universal Review*.—The history of the *Times* newspaper has so often been told as to be scarcely worthy of the first place in a magazine of novelties; and Mr. Bradlaugh's topic, "Romance of the House of Commons," is likewise a hackneyed theme of historical anecdote. Nor is there anything particularly attractive in "Hints on Life Assurance." The editor, Mr. Harry Quilter, being not a professional actuary but a clever art-critic, furnishes matter specially appropriate to the claims of this periodical, in the continuation of his remarks on English art. Mr. Robert Buchanan still thinks he does well to be angry with many of his literary contemporaries, belonging to the region of what he calls "Imperial Cockneydom." Stoke Poges, renowned for the sake of Gray's Elegy, is described once more by Mr. T. Herbert Bindley. That ingenious essayist and allegorist, Mr. Samuel Butler, not the author of the "Analogy," but of "Erewhon," has gathered from family archives some curious and amusing old letters that passed long ago between a lady and her young nieces about keeping a dog. "The Stranger in the Dress Circle," by Miss Marian Robinson, is a very bold experiment; no less than calling up William Shakespeare to sit among the audience in Mr. Irving's theatre, and to talk of the performance. The engravings are very fine, especially those of pictures noticed in "The Art of England," and the view of Stoke Poges.

*The New Review* (edited by Archibald Grove).—This magazine, published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co. at the small price of sixpence, promises, by the quality of its contents, to rival some of the half-crown or two-shilling monthlies. Supposing, which is questionable, that it may be the proper business of English public opinion to judge the merits of General Boulanger's attack on the Government of the French Republic, articles by his friend M. Alfred Naquet, on the one side, and by M. Camille Pelletan, an able and respectable Republican politician, on the other, must be deemed expedient. Mr. Henry James, who writes extremely well about everything and has no decided views of anything, produces an imaginary conversation, "After the Play," between Dorriforth, Auberger, Florentia, and Amicia, who do not quite agree on

a Cleft Stick" is a Moravian forest adventure; but the most amusing contribution, "Things Not Generally Known," is a schoolmaster's collection of droll blunders in exercises, themes, and translations by careless schoolboys.

*Time*.—The Rev. Dr. Clifford's historical sketch of the early attitude and action of the "General Baptists," in the seventeenth century, as consistent assertors of purely spiritual influences in religion, is a worthy exposition of one of the noblest passages in the English Protestant Reformation. "Is our World Better or Worse than it was?" asks Prebendary Harry Jones, whose Christian faith, hope, and charity, with his wide knowledge of our social life, enable him to strike the balance in favour of moral progress. "Journalists and Journalism" are made the topic of an article in the "Work and Workers' Series." Miss Edith Sichel sharply sketches three typical portraits of London life, at the West-End and at the East-End. "Young Mr. Ainslie's Portrait," and "Rosa," a short Italian tale, may suffice for readers of fiction.

*Gentleman's Magazine*.—Mr. Crawford Scott's story of a modern Greek Alexander calling himself Duke of Macedonia, and seeking to enrich himself alternately as a leader of banditti and a financial swindler in Constantinople and in Paris, has little semblance of reality, and less interest as a romance. The Rev. H. D. Rawnsley's plea for sparing our English wild birds, and Mr. A. H. Japp's article on English hedgerows, will gratify lovers of the country. The other articles do not strike us with much force.

*English Illustrated Magazine*.—We have often been strongly interested by Mr. Clark Russell in stories of seafaring life. But his "Jenny Harlowe," with its reproduction of former inventions, the girl who has lost her memory by the mental shock of a disaster, and, with the young man who marries her, is landed on an unknown island, fails to affect our imagination in an equal degree. Mr. Marion Crawford's "Sant' Ilario," and "The Better Man," by Mr. Arthur Pater-son, narrate savage and brutal murders in a cool, matter-of-course, uncompassionate manner, which is not agreeable. Much to be preferred are the descriptions of the Wandle, that homely little river of suburban Surrey, and of the Savoy Church and Palace precinct; or even the notice of the history of billiards. The engravings are better than the text.

*Macmillan's Magazine*, and the *Westminster Review*, came to us too late for our reading. We have received, as usual, the following periodicals, which contain some articles of the usual meritorious quality: *London Society*, *Temple Bar*, *Belgravia*, *The Argosy*, *Tinsley's*, *Woman's World*, *Atalanta*, *The Theatre*, (with portraits of Miss Lottie Venne and Mr. Jack Robertson), *Harper's Monthly*, *The Century*, *Scribner's*, *Lippincott's*, and the *Atlantic Monthly*; the *Naval and Military Magazine*, *Good Words*, *Leisure Hour*, *All the Year Round*, *The Sun*, *East and West*, *Myra's Journal of Dress and Fashion*, *The Season*, and the *Ladies' Magazine*.

## ANCIENT CANOE FOUND NEAR MANCHESTER.



ANCIENT CANOE FOUND RECENTLY IN CUTTING THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

the true principles of dramatic art. Earl Compton, who should know the slums of Clerkenwell, discourses of "The Homes of the People"; while Lord Charles Beresford, who wants strong English fighting men, demands athletic training and healthy sports for the development of "National Muscle." As there are so many different religions on foot, Mrs. Lynn Lynton puts in a word for the "Religion of Self-Respect." The Unionist policy for Ireland is expounded, not for the first time, by Mr. T. W. Russell; and Lady Randolph Churchill agreeably relates her personal experiences during a month's visit to Russia.

*Blackwood's Magazine*.—Scotch comic and satiric humour, exercised in the style of Christopher North and Aytoun, but with a cumbersome and far-fetched gesture, is displayed in the confessions of Mr. Gabriel Dante Dobbs, an enthusiast for sickly æsthetics, who finds himself rudely misplaced in the company of West Highlanders. The gloomy tragedy of Don Carlos and Queen Isabella, Elizabeth of Valois, at the Court of Philip II., concludes in the second part of Lord Lamington's narrative. Colonel Mark Sever Bell's account of his recent journey in Southern Persia, and of the routes between the Karun river, Kum, and Ispahan, has geographical and political importance. "Lady Baby" is continued. The rambling reviews of new books are much too diffuse and discursive.

*Murray's Magazine*.—Edna Lyall's new story of "Derrick Vaughan, Novelist," ends with its ninth chapter. The works of the Manchester Ship Canal are described by Mr. W. M. Acworth, the author of an excellent new book on the working and traffic of the English railways. "How I placed a Concession in London," though not refined comedy, may be a warning to investors against the City sharks and fraudulent projectors. Professor Mahaffy relates his visit to the curious monasteries of Mount Athos, and Mr. Rennell Rodd makes a poem of the classic isle of Delos. Mr. Morley Roberts's experiences as a steerage passenger to Melbourne are disagreeably true. "The Comedy of a Country House," by Mr. Julian Sturgis, is not yet finished. Mrs. Charlotte Mason's thoughtful remarks on education deserve attention.

*Longman's Magazine*.—"The Bell of St. Paul's," by Mr. Walter Besant, is continued. There is grace and tenderness in Mr. G. Holden's verses, "R.I.P." Dr. Richardson, who has written so much on bodily health, prescribes for the "Health of the Mind." "The Affair of Bleakirk-on-Sands" is a strange Yorkshire story. Canon Overton describes a cruise in the Hebrides. The Rev. Dr. Jessopp has collected some quaint rustic chants of ancient religious legendary import. Mrs. Oliphant is in the middle of "Lady Car."

*Cornhill*.—The twenty-fourth chapter does not end "The County," a novel of which "Visitors," "Bills," and "Society" are the latest ingredients. A trip to Lisbon is described; there is a short story called "A Fool's Task"; the naturalist has much to say of martens, polecats, weasels, and stoats. "In

of keel or cutwater. There is a small, square, perforated projection from the prow on a level with the gunwale. There are no signs of seats, rowlocks, or mast, so we can only suppose the old boatmen propelled their craft with paddles. A careful examination has been made of the bed on which the canoe lay to see if any trace could be found of any weapons or equipments, but unfortunately without success. Our illustration is from a photograph taken by Mr. Ambler, Queen's Chambers, Market-street, Manchester.

## MESSRS. CASSELL'S ART EXHIBITION.

The quality of the works in black and white at Messrs. Cassell's Exhibition (Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street) shows no falling off, although it has now reached its seventh year. The drawings are exclusively those made for the various illustrated publications of the world-known firm; and we may gather from the readiness with which artists of repute tender their services some idea of the debt which art owes to literature. The drawings for "King Henry IV." in the new volume of Messrs. Cassell's Shakespeare, have been executed by Herr Eduard Grützner; and although we do not place them on a level with Mr. Frank Dicksee's illustrations of "Romeo and Juliet," they contain some clever drawing and display a careful study of the history of the time. Mr. Blair Leighton's "Advance of the Covenanters," "Return of Charles II.," and many others, are cleverly-composed groups of costume and character, which suggest that the illustration of one or more of Shakespeare's plays might with advantage be entrusted to his hands. Mr. L. Gow has a facile pencil, with which he treats historical and social subjects with equal dexterity. In the latter line Miss Dorothy Tennant's studies of London street-life reach a far higher level, both of thought and execution; whilst Miss Alice Havers is content with the more decorous sentimentalism of the respectable classes. Mr. F. Barnard continues his illustrations of Dickens, and the two Wellers and Mr. Peggoty are, to our taste, far more in harmony with the author's intention than some of the other sketches of this series. Mr. Henley's landscapes are always pleasant to look at, and Mr. Fulleylove's architectural drawing is seldom at fault. Besides these we may mention the works of Mr. MacWhirter, Mr. W. Paget, Mr. Brewtnall, Mr. Stanley Berkeley, Mr. G. J. Seymour, and many others whose original studies will one day be more highly prized by collectors than they are now priced by their present possessors. For such as have vacant spaces on their walls or in their portfolios this exhibition affords a rare chance of obtaining good work for a reasonable sum.

Mr. Goschen presided, on June 1, at the annual dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, and urged the claims of the institution to public support. Subscriptions amounting to over £1300 were announced.



## THE LATE FATHER DAMIEN.

With feelings of sympathy, regret, and admiration, very generally expressed by the press and the pulpit in England, we lately received the news of the death of this noble servant of Christianity and humanity, the Belgian missionary of the Catholic Church labouring for sixteen years past among the lepers of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands. The announcement that Father Damien had succumbed to the slow effects of that contagious disease, with which he was long infected, reached us very shortly after the publication of Mr. Edward Clifford's article, in the *Nineteenth Century* for May, which he has followed with another article in the June number of that magazine. Mr. Archibald Ballantyne, in *Longman's Magazine*, had also given an account of the subject. Mr. Edward Clifford visited the Hawaiian leper asylum, on the isle of Molokai, bringing gifts from many benevolent English ladies and gentlemen; he remained several days with Father Damien, in the month of December last, and his account is very interesting.

Joseph Damien de Venster, born near Louvain, in Belgium, on Jan. 3, 1841, was educated for the priesthood, as likewise was his brother, and went out as a missionary to the isles of the Pacific Ocean. He was not a Jesuit, but belonged to the "Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary." In 1873 he went to the Sandwich Islands.

The Hawaiian Government had established, in 1866, a settlement on the shore of Molokai, within a few hours' distance by steam-boat from the capital city, Honolulu, for the reception of lepers; but for some years it was ill-managed and neglected, and hundreds of the poor creatures died, or fell into a sad state of misery, vice, and despair. Damien has lived with them since May, 1873, and by his self-sacrificing labours, as well as by his requests for aid from the Government and improved official regulations, has wonderfully improved their condition. Their number rather exceeds one thousand. They inhabit two villages, Kalawao and Kalapapa, on the sea-shore; neat and convenient cottages have been built for them, instead of the former wretched grass huts; good water is supplied in abundance by Government engineering works, under the management of Mr. Sproull; there are two Roman Catholic and two Protestant churches, and one Mormon; schools, orphan asylums, hospitals, and a resident physician, Dr. Swift.

For some time, Father Damien was not only the religious teacher of his own flock, but "the doctor, nurse, schoolmaster, magistrate, gardener, builder, painter, cook, and sometimes even their undertaker and gravedigger." They were taught to cultivate their allotment gardens, to grow sweet potatoes, bananas, and sugar-cane; some keep little shops, others weave mats, and they delight in flowers, music, and dancing, and riding on ponies. The Government sends them an allowance of "taro," a wholesome vegetable food, rice, meat, and fish, and some articles of clothing. The assistant Catholic missionaries and teachers, Father Conradi, Father Wendolen, Brother Joseph, Brother James, and three Franciscan Sisters, must also be mentioned; and there is a Protestant native minister. Father Damien was attacked with leprosy three or four years ago, but never thought of leaving his charge, and was cheerful and active when Mr. Clifford visited him. His efforts have been liberally aided by a subscription in England, which was set on foot, in 1886, by the Rev. H. D. Chapman, Vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell.

Princess Christian opened the sale on June 3 at the Royal School of Art-Needlework, South Kensington.

Among the present revivals of the quaint old fashions of a bygone day, few are pleasanter than the mode, which now so generally prevails, for the use of that fragrant pot-pourri in which the hearts of our great-grandmothers delighted. Pot-pourri jars of the most artistic shape, made in very delicate and beautiful china, are among the leading novelties of the season; the most charming of all being those which are known as the "Stuart" pot-pourri jars, and which are specially manufactured by the Royal Porcelain Company for Messrs. Stonier and Co., 78, Lord-street, Liverpool. These jars are arranged with double tops, the outer lid being perforated in such a way that the perfume may escape into the room. The newest and most fragrant pot-pourri for filling these jars is also supplied by the same firm, who are the sole agents for the United Kingdom. This "Wild Rose" pot-pourri, as it is called, is made from native wild roses and choice Oriental perfumes by Messrs. Owen Moore and Co., of Portland, Maine, U.S.A., and it will be found both fragrant and lasting.



THE LATE FATHER DAMIEN, MISSIONARY TO THE HAWAII LEPERS.

### BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

Prince Albert Victor presided, on May 29, at a festival dinner of the Great Northern Central Hospital, at the Hôtel Métropole. A list of subscriptions and donations amounting to upwards of £2100 was announced, the chairman contributing £25.

On June 1 Princess Louise presided at the fifth annual meeting of the Children's Country Holidays Fund, held at the Hôtel Métropole, the object of which is to place town children in well-selected country homes with cottagers for holidays.

Lord Harris presided over the thirty-eighth annual meeting of the friends of the Royal Cambridge Asylum, held on the same day, at the United Service Institution. This is the only institution for the benefit of the soldier's widow, who receives no pension or allowance from the Government. There are at present sixty-six widows in the asylum, and each receives 7s. a week and an allowance for coal. In moving the adoption of the report, the chairman congratulated the institution upon its better financial position. Princess Mary Adelaide was elected lady president, in the place of her mother, the late Duchess of Cambridge.

At the Holborn Restaurant, on the same day, the Marquis of Carmarthen, M.P., presided over the fifty-second annual festival dinner of the Benevolent Institution for the Relief of Aged and Infirm Journeymen Tailors. Subscriptions amounting to £900 were announced.

The eleventh annual Italian Benevolent Festival in London took place on June 1, at the Criterion Restaurant, Commendatore T. Catalani, the Royal Italian representative in London, presiding. There was a large attendance, chiefly of Italian residents in London. The festival, which consisted of a dinner followed by an excellent concert, was for the benefit of the Italian Benevolent Society, the Italian Hospital, and the French Hospital, and was under the patronage of the Italian Embassy, the French Embassy, and the Lord Mayor of London.

Mr. Spencer Charrington, M.P., took the chair at the sixty-second banquet of the friends of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, held on the same day in the ample concert-hall at the Crystal Palace. Few public charities for the maintenance of the aged and infirm but would have envied the announced annual subscription list, which was £2678 from Mr. Charrington and his immediate friends, or, all told, a sum of £6000 collected for the benefit of the asylum.

A special performance of "The Bells"—the only one of the season at the Lyceum Theatre—is announced for Saturday evening, June 22, for the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund. Mr. Toole will also appear in the farce of "Domestic Economy." The members of Toole's and the Lyceum Theatres have volunteered their services.

The Earl of Derby presided on May 30 at the annual court of the governors of the Brompton Hospital for Consumption. According to the report 1784 patients had been admitted during 1888, and there had been 13,377 out-patient cases. The committee invite continued help to meet the annual expense of maintaining the 321 beds in the two buildings, which was not less than £24,000. The twenty-second annual season of the weekly entertainments was a most successful one, a feature of interest having been a visit (for the third time) of Princess Christian, who again assisted at a musical performance to the patients.

In the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole, on the same day, was held the thirty-second annual festival dinner in aid of the Warehousemen, Clerks, and Drapers' Schools, when a numerous company assembled, under the presidency of Mr. Thomas Wallis. The institution at Russell-hill, Purley, was established in 1854, and since that time upwards of eight hundred and fifty-two orphan children have been maintained and educated within its walls. At the present time alone the school affords a home to one hundred and thirty-nine boys and eighty-four girls. In response to an eloquent appeal from the chairman, donations were announced to the amount of £5500, the chairman's list amounting to £3025, his personal subscription being £200, and £500 coming from the firm of Peter Robinson.

The ball at Prince's Hall in aid of Mrs. Black's Cottage Hospital was a great success.

The committee for the acquisition of Brockwell Park have received a letter from her Majesty's Charity Commissioners, in which they agree to give out of the surplus funds of the City parochial charities a contribution amounting to one-fifth part of the purchase-money, such contribution not to exceed, on the whole, the sum of £25,000. Brockwell Park is situated within one hundred yards of Herne-hill Station. Its

owners have offered seventy-eight acres, and the total cost will be about £122,000.

A gratifying announcement has been made to the Marylebone Vestry by the Rev. Canon Barker. Viscountess Ossington and Baroness Howard De Walden have offered a site adjacent to the present parochial schools in the High-street, Marylebone, for the erection of additional buildings for technical education, a gymnasium, and a cookery centre; and, besides giving the site, these ladies promise to contribute £8000 towards the cost of the building. Another lady, the Canon stated, has undertaken to build, at her own expense, a new and convenient rectory-house.

### TYPES OF THE FRENCH NAVY.

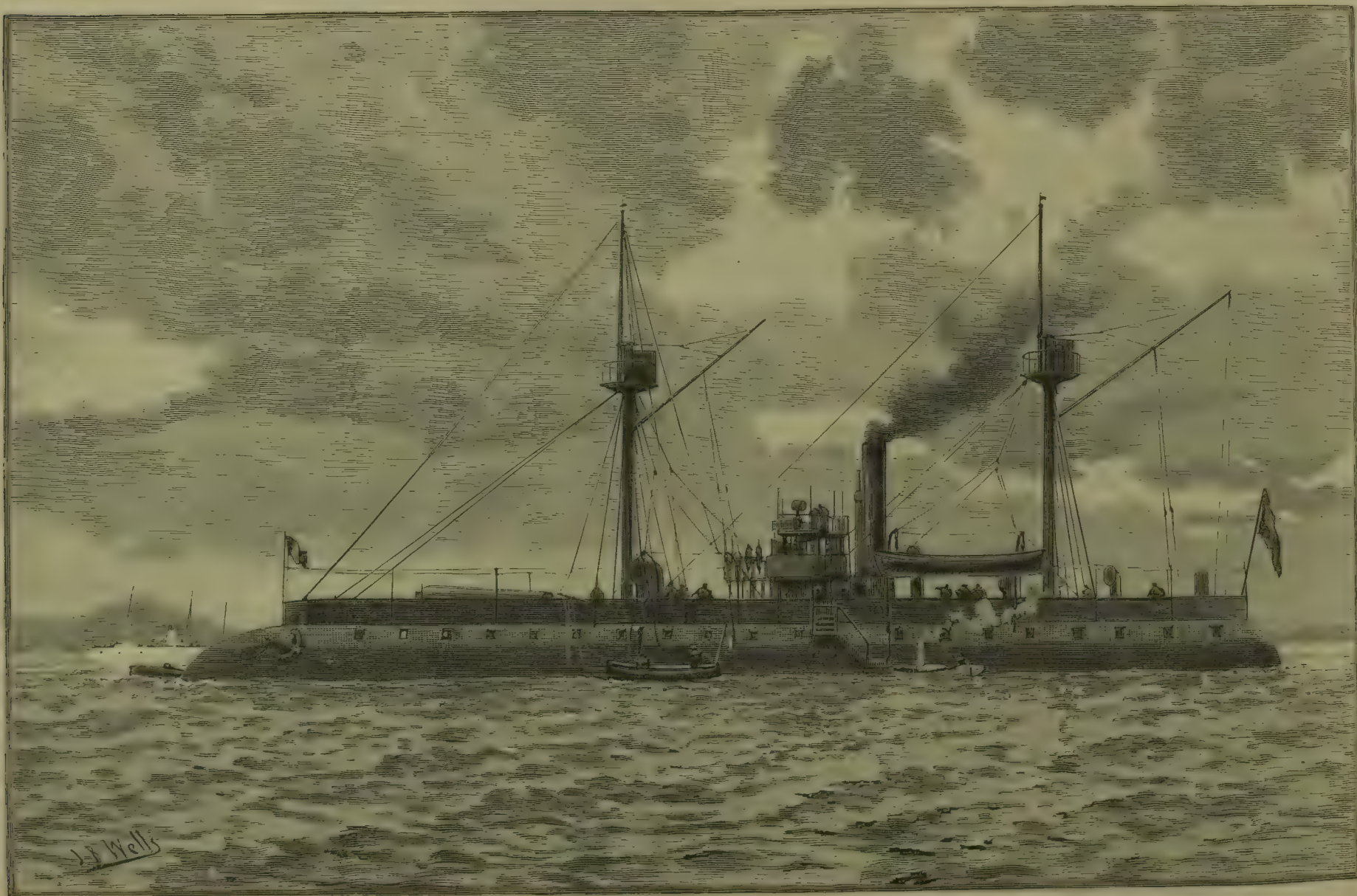
The *Fusée*, of which we give an illustration, may be classed as an armoured gun-boat or as a barquette-ship designed to serve for coast defence. This vessel was built at L'Orient, and was launched on May 7, 1884. She is constructed of steel and of wood, sheathed and coppered; her dimensions are not large, as her length is 165 ft.; breadth, 32 ft. 7 in.; and displacement, 1045 tons. The hull is protected by a steel belt, of the thickness of ten inches at the upper edge of the belt, and seven inches at the lower edge. The deck is protected by two-inch steel plating; and all the hatchways and air-shafts have similar protection. The buoyancy of the vessel is assured by a number of water-tight compartments, and by a coffer-dam all round the deck. Forward, a shield is fixed, which is protected by four-inch plating. The total weight of the armour is 333 tons. The armament consists of one 27-centimetre gun, mounted forward in a turret; one light gun, and two Hotchkiss machine-guns. A tube will be fitted for the discharge of Whitehead torpedoes. The steam-engines are of 1500-horse power, working twin screws; the estimated speed is thirteen knots an hour. The complement of men is seventy. The estimated cost of this vessel is, for the hull, £43,200; for the machinery, £21,000.

Another portion of the old city wall by which London was surrounded has been brought to light in the neighbourhood of Ludgate-hill. It stands at the juncture of Little Bridge-street, Pilgrim-street, and the Broadway, very near another portion which was laid bare and taken down about five or six years since at the corner of Little Bridge-street. If not actually of Roman construction, it is largely constructed of Roman materials, and it probably formed part of a bastion or tower at an angle of the city wall. It is about ten feet high and twelve feet in length; its depth and thickness will be seen when the adjoining wall is removed, as will shortly be the case.





BOATS ON THE MYETHA RIVER AT GUNGAW, IN THE YAW COUNTRY, NORTH-WEST BURMAH.



TYPES OF THE FRENCH NAVY: THE FUSÉE, TWIN-SCREW IRONCLAD, FOR COAST DEFENCE.





THE LITTLE FALCONER.—BY F. MOSCHELES.

## THE YAW COUNTRY, UPPER BURMAH.

The military expedition recently directed against the marauding Chin tribes on the western frontier of Upper Burmah has been repeatedly described. Its first object was to relieve the garrison of the British frontier station at Gungaw, in the Yaw country, which had been attacked by the Chins, and was beleaguered with a large hostile force. The town or village of Gungaw, situated on the Myettha river, has about one thousand native inhabitants. It belongs to the Burmese dominion, and trade with it is carried on by such Burmese boats as are shown in our Illustration. This is supplied by one of the interesting series of photographs that we have already found useful, taken by Surgeon Arthur G. E. Newland, of the Indian Medical Staff, serving in Burmah with the 10th Regiment of Madras Native Infantry.

Severe thunderstorms and floods are reported from the Midlands, the North of England, and Scotland.

The Royal Horticultural Society's show has been held this year in the Inner Temple Gardens. There was a large and

animated assemblage. The opening was preceded by an interesting ceremony. Sir Trevor Lawrence, on behalf of the Veitch Trustees, presented a silver medal to Mr. Archibald F. Barron, the society's superintendent, in recognition of long and valuable services to practical horticulture. Orchids were again the principal feature of the show. On the central table of the largest tent was Baron Schröder's superb group, which included some of the rarest species, such as *laelia bella*, Low's dendrob, and a radiated banner orchid. Near to these were Sir Trevor Lawrence's orchids and other plants, with the yellow sprays of *Marshallianum* towering in the midst. The Duke of Marlborough attended early to learn that a floral medal had been awarded for his beautiful orchids. Messrs. Sander filled one length of the tent with fine *laelia purpurata*, *odontoglossum crispum*, and *Miltonia vexillaria*, relieved by the red-dropped *odontoglossum* and Brymer's *Cattleya* (for which they received a first-class certificate), and a large clump of citron *Cattleya*. Messrs. Hugh Low and Co. showed amongst their interesting group the yellow cradle orchid, a pink moth orchid, and the slipper-flower, *bellatulum excellens*, sold to Baron Schröder. Medals were also presented for orchids to Messrs. H. M. Pollett, A. H. Smee, C. F.

Partington, and cups to Messrs. Cypher, Tautz, and Wigan. Paul and Son's largest rose-bush, Charles Lawson, is about 8 ft. high, and the bearer of 200 beautiful pink roses.

Two more purchases have been made by the Council of the Academy under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest: "The Prodigal Son," by John M. Swan, for £700, and "All Hands to the Pumps," by H. S. Tuke, for £420.

Beautiful weather favoured the first meet of the Coaching Club at Hyde Park on June 1; there were thousands of people on foot, in carriages, and on horseback. The scene of the meet was the Magazine.

Princess Louise presented prizes to the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps at Guildhall on June 1. In proposing a vote of thanks to her Royal Highness, the Lord Mayor said that the corps had initiated a movement which he hoped would spread throughout the entire kingdom.

Two more first-class torpedo-boats of the Sheldrake class, named Seagull and Salamander, were floated out at Chatham Dockyard on May 31, making four such vessels put out of the yard in two months. These vessels are estimated to steam at twenty-one knots, and to be able to keep the sea.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## A GOOD STARVE.

There is a bit of popular physiology and folk-medicine which asserts that "a good starve" is a simple and effective means of treating not a few of the ailments to which flesh is heir. One very admirable feature of this remedy, and one which is certain to commend itself to many frugal minds, is its entirely cheap and inexpensive nature. I suspect that, like most really good and simple means of treating disease, however, the "good starve" will not attract devotees by reason of this very quality of cheapness, and because it is, perchance, a relatively unpleasant process when all is said and done. Nature abhors a vacuum—and, I will add, especially human nature. Starvation, or, to put it more mildly, abstinence from food for any length of time, is not an agreeable phase of life. If there is (as there should be) a fair amount of enjoyment in the healthy appreciation of the good things of this life, it is tolerably certain we cannot be justly regarded either as Philistines or Malignants, because we hear with agreeable delight the joyful sound of the dinner bell or gong. But just as there is a philosophy of dining—discussed a week or two gone by—so it may turn out that "a good starve" has likewise a philosophic backing. It will never be a popular practice: of that let us all rest well assured. Like many other excellent things in the way of remedies—to wit, Gregory's far-famed powder, or even the bland and emollient oil of cod itself—the virtues of starvation are not to be measured by its purely physical characteristics.

One may rest in a tolerable sense of logical security after reiterating the assertion that the vast majority of us eat far too much. Amid the crowd of fads and "isms" with which we are deluged by would-be reformers in these latter days, there is scarcely a solitary voice which lifts up its accents to declare that we are given to gluttony in a physiological sense, or to extol the merits of frugal fare. Yet Nature herself preaches us many a sermon on that same text. When we are indisposed she does away with the appetite as sharply as the Water Company cuts off the supply when the householder is far behind with his rate. The starve we feel to be necessary under such circumstances, is really but another name for the physiological rest of the organs we have overtaxed. Persons "with a liver," as the phrase goes, know only too well how, under a starvation régime, they recover their tone; and your gouty man, and his plethoric neighbour, are each similarly made to see that life is worth living after experiencing the benefits of a starve, and after giving the internal mechanism a necessary rest. Then, again, certain of our neighbours exemplify starvation, as related (under the name of "Fasts") to religious observances. The Jewish fasts are well-known institutions, and there are those who do not hesitate to attribute much of the energy and vitality of that ancient people to the regular exercise of abstinence from food at fixed periods. I have heard a High Church clergyman enunciate the same opinion as an argument in favour of Lenten fasting; and, as a physiologist, I confess I am in thorough agreement with such opinions.

If so much socially may be said for a good starve now and then as a kind of hygienic rite, the question arises, What is the scientific side of abstinence from food? There can, of course, be no such thing possible as total abstinence from "food" for any length of time without a fatal result accruing. By food, however, let us see what one means. There is, first of all, air-food, the oxygen we breathe into our lungs; then comes water, whereof two-thirds of our bodies by weight are composed. Next we want so much nitrogenous food, and so much starch and sugar and fat and oil per day, all of which things are non-nitrogenous in character. Finally, we must throw in an ounce or two per diem of the necessary minerals—iron for blood, lime for bones, phosphorus for nerve and brain, along with soda and potash and other inorganic substances. Now, it is very evident that as regards item the first, namely our oxygen, we cannot dispense with that commodity at all. It is absolutely necessary for the continuance of life, and fortunately it costs us nothing, and is not even included among the possible subjects of taxation by Mr. Goschen, enterprising as he is. As regards the nitrogenous foods, the albumen and gelatine, and gluten and so forth, and the starches, sugars, and fats, and oils, we can get on fairly well without them for several days at least. At a pinch we might want them, without of necessity landing in the undertaker's hands, for a longer period still. The minerals we usually get mixed up with our other foods, save, perhaps, our salt. But as for water—well, it is exactly the one food without which (leaving air out of consideration) we cannot attempt to exist for any period worth naming. The evidence on which this assertion is based is very complete in its character. Not merely do we know of shipwrecked sailors and entombed miners subsisting on water alone for somewhat extensive periods, and feeling relatively well when rescued, but we know of cases of harmless lunatics suffering from delusions who have starved themselves in secret, and who have lived on water solely for thirty, forty, or even fifty days. One may safely assert that all living nature participates in this demand for water as the essential food, leaving the all-surrounding air out of count for the moment. For, to the plants in the window, dryness is a fatal condition; and even the biggest tree succumbs when a long drought sets in, and no moisture gains access to its tissues. There may be abstinence, total or otherwise, from all other kinds of food (save air), but without water we are literally "nowhere," as the schoolboy puts it. It is the staff of life much more truly than the product of the baker's shop. In this light, then, water takes the first rank as a food; it is certainly the sheet-anchor of a "good starve."

If one endeavours to subsist without food and water, life will come to an end, say, in from seven to eight days. But if one elected to live on water (and air), and obtained a plentiful supply of both commodities, he might live on, as we have seen, starved and meagre, and growing anything but "beautifully less" hour by hour, for thirty, forty, or even fifty days. This much was known long before the Tanners, the Succis, and others of that ilk began to exhibit themselves as paying examples of the "Great Starve." The reason why water of all foods will preserve life in the absence of every other form of nutriment has been already given. We are composed largely of water; it enters into every tissue; and it is needed for the performance of every act of life. Hence water asserting its importance thus in the body, comes, with air, to rank as the paramount food. Clearly, then, our good starve must mean and imply plenty of water and plenty of air. The other foods may for a time vanish away. The water will not supply the waste of the body, nor will it prevent the body feeding upon itself; but it will keep us going at low pressure, and in the absence of all food, ordinarily so called, will sustain us for many days. Water, then, is our great hope and succour in the "good starve"; and it may be well to bear this fact in mind if we contemplate at any time enjoying the unusual luxury of experiencing a relief from the onerous duty of finding out something fresh for the menu.—ANDREW WILSON.

The London County Council have decided, by a large majority, to petition Parliament to open the museums, art galleries and public libraries on Sundays.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

ALPHA.—The author's solution is not baffled by 1. B takes Kt.

J MARTIN (Southport).—We cannot answer such inquiries by post.

H G (Hull).—We have forwarded your letter concerning correspondence game, and trust you will have a favourable response. The opening you inquire about is not a sound one, and could be only ventured upon by a very strong player when opposing a weak one.

D W E.—The printed position is different from that you sent, a White Rook being omitted. The solution is 1. P takes P; then if K takes B, 2. P takes B (a R); if K to K B 3rd, 2. P takes B and becomes B; if B to K B 2nd, 2. P Queens; and if B to K Kt 3rd, P becomes Kt (ch) and mate follows in each case next move.

G M BATES (Hoveville, Iowa, U.S.A.).—We are sorry we cannot make use of your stamps; nor can we give you the information desired.

A BECHGER (Alost).—We are hesitating about your last problem. It is neat, but rather elementary for our column.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2332 received from P C (The Hague) and J Round; of No. 2333 from E G Boys; of No. 2334 from A Becher (Alost), E G Boys, P C (The Hague), W H Ilace, M A S (The Hague), Delta, E G Weatherley, and W C Silar.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2335 received from R H Brooks, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), A W Hamilton (Gell (Exeter), O J Gibbs (Coventry), G J Venle, T G (Ware), R Worters (Canterbury), J T W, Jupiter Junior, Martin F, Dawn, Howard A, W R Raillem, J D Tucker (Leeds), Thomas Chown, and J Dixon.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from W Gleave, Carslake W Wood, and J Pybus.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2333.—By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

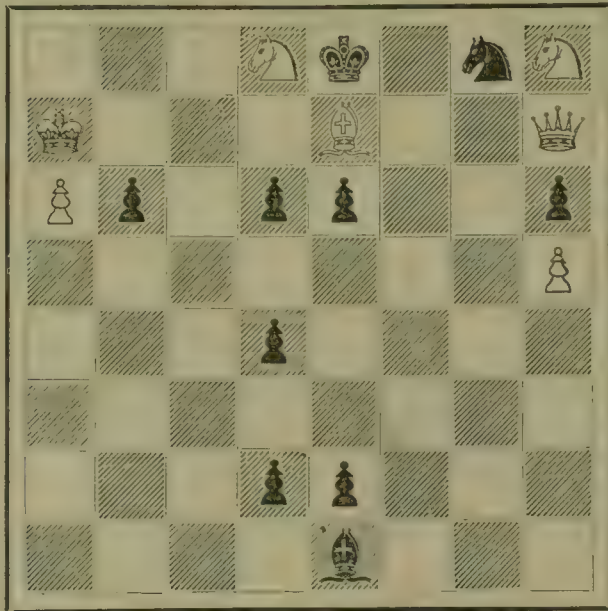
WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to R 6th. K to Kt 5th.  
2. Q to Q B 6th. Any move.  
3. Q or Kt mates.

If Black play 1. K to Q 5th, then 2. Q to K B 6th; and if 1. P moves, then 2. Kt to B 2nd, mating, in each case, on the following move.

## PROBLEM No. 2357.

By D. McCoy.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## INTERNATIONAL CHESS CONGRESS.

Game played between Messrs. BLACKBURN and DELMAR.

(Gioco Piano.)

|                   |                |                  |                |
|-------------------|----------------|------------------|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. D.)    | BLACK (Mr. B.) | WHITE (Mr. D.)   | BLACK (Mr. B.) |
| 1. P to K 4th     | P to K 4th     | 23. K to R 2nd   | P to K B 3rd   |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd  | Kt to Q B 3rd  | 24. R to Q R sq  | Kt to K 3rd    |
| 3. B to B 4th     | B to B 4th     | 25. Q to K 2nd   | P to K Kt 3rd  |
| 4. P to Q B 3rd   | Kt to K B 3rd  | 26. Kt to Kt 3rd | P to K R 4th   |
| 5. P to Q 3rd     | P to Q 3rd     | 27. P to B 3rd   | P takes P      |
| 6. P to Q Kt 4th  | B to Kt 3rd    | 28. P takes P    | Q to K 2nd     |
| 7. P to Q R 4th   | P to Q R 4th   | 29. K to Kt 5th  | Q R to B sq    |
| 8. P to Kt 5th    | Kt to Q Kt sq  | 30. K R to R 2nd | P to K B 3rd   |
| 9. Q to K 2nd     | B to Kt 5th    |                  |                |
| 10. P to R 3rd    | B to K 4th     |                  |                |
| 11. B to K 3rd    | Q Kt to Q 2nd  |                  |                |
| 12. Q Kt to Q 2nd | Q to K 2nd     |                  |                |
| 13. Kt to B sq    |                |                  |                |

White is concentrating his forces too much on the King's side of the board.

|                   |             |
|-------------------|-------------|
| 13. P to K 3rd    |             |
| 14. P to K Kt 4th | B to Kt 3rd |
| 15. Kt to Kt 3rd  | B takes B   |

This strengthens Black's game by enabling him to bring the Q Kt again into action.

|                 |              |
|-----------------|--------------|
| 16. Q takes B   | Kt to Kt 3rd |
| 17. Kt to R 4th |              |

B to Kt 3rd is the natural move, and ought to have been played. The doubling of the Pawn is not only weak in itself, but lets the K Kt into the game with great effect.

|                     |               |
|---------------------|---------------|
| 17. Kt takes B      |               |
| 18. P takes Kt      | Kt to Q 2nd   |
| 19. Kt (R 4th) to B |               |
| 20. Kt takes B      | B takes Kt    |
| 21. R to Q sq       | Q to B 3rd    |
| 22. P to R 4th      | P to Q Kt 3rd |
| 23. R to R 3rd      | Castles (Q R) |

The exchange of Queens is now forced, which leaves an easy ending for Black.

|                     |             |
|---------------------|-------------|
| 31. Q to Kt 4th     | K to Kt 2nd |
| 32. Q R to R 2nd    | P takes P   |
| 33. P to R 5th      | R to B 5th  |
| 34. Q to Q sq       | P takes P   |
| 35. Q to Q 5th (ch) | K to R 2nd  |
| 36. Q R to K 2nd    | P to R 5th  |
| 37. Kt to B 5th     | Q to K 3rd  |

The exchange of Queens is now forced, which leaves an easy ending for Black.

|                 |               |
|-----------------|---------------|
| 38. Q takes Q   | Kt takes Q    |
| 39. Kt to K 7th | K R to K B sq |
| 40. K to Q 2nd  | R to B 8th    |
| 41. Kt to B 5th | Kt to B 4th   |
| 42. K takes R P | P takes Kt    |
| 43. R takes P   | K R to B 7th  |

And White resigned.

Game played between Messrs. SHOWALTER and TAUBENHAUS.

(Ruy Lopez.)

|                  |                |                |                |
|------------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. T.)   | BLACK (Mr. S.) | WHITE (Mr. T.) | BLACK (Mr. S.) |
| 1. P to K 4th    | P to K 4th     | 20. Q to B 2nd | P to B 4th     |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd  |                |                |
| 3. B to Kt 5th   | Kt to B 3rd    |                |                |

The Berlin defence, as this is called, is one of the best to this opening, and has been popular throughout the tournament.

|                     |               |
|---------------------|---------------|
| 4. Castles          | Kt takes P    |
| 5. P to Q 4th       | B to K 2nd    |
| 6. Q to K 2nd       | Kt to Q 3rd   |
| 7. B takes Kt       | Kt P takes B  |
| 8. P takes P        | Kt to Kt 2nd  |
| 9. Kt to Q 4th      | Castles       |
| 10. Kt to Q B 3rd   | Kt to B 4th   |
| 11. R to K sq       | Kt to K 3rd   |
| 12. Kt to B 5th     | P to K B 3rd  |
| 13. Kt takes B (ch) | Q takes Kt    |
| 14. P takes P       | Q takes P     |
| 15. Kt to K 4th     | Q to K Kt 3rd |
| 16. Kt to Kt 3rd    | P to Q 4th    |

Black now obtains some relief from his hitherto cramped position, and the game is about even.

|                  |             |
|------------------|-------------|
| 17. P to Q B 3rd | Kt to B 4th |
| 18. B to K 3rd   | Kt to Q 6th |

From this point Black decidedly out-plays his opponent. The Kt here comes in with gallant effect.

|                 |            |
|-----------------|------------|
| 19. K R to Q sq | B to R 3rd |
|-----------------|------------|

The tie between Messrs. Max Weiss and Tschigorin for the first prize in the American Chess Congress was played off according to the rules, with, finally, a drawn result. As any arrangement was strictly forbidden under the conditions of play, a new record has been established in this class of contest, four drawn games in succession being without precedent in tournament matches.

The success of the Italian Exhibition at Earl's Court last year has encouraged its promoters to institute a show, similar in its aims, of the products of Spain. The moving spirit of the undertaking was the Duke of Wellington, not in his capacity of Peer of the United Kingdom, but as a grandee of the first class of Spain, Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and possessor of some half-dozen other Spanish titles, which he has inherited from his great-uncle.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT'S DOGS.

If the reader were to open an instructive book about dogs written for young people, he would, probably, find some sentence like the following:—"As the servant and friend of man the dog holds a place unique among animals. He of all four-footed creatures has the strongest affections, and with the exception, perhaps, of the elephant, the strongest memory. He combines courage with gentleness, fidelity with affection, and his love does not always cease with the death of his master."

This matter-of-fact description if continued too long might make youthful readers yawn; but it has at any rate the merit of truthfulness. I am alluding, of course, to "gentlemanlike dogs" of unsullied character, that live in good society and know what are good manners. There are curs of low degree, just as there are men of a curish nature, dogs without breeding, that delight, as Dr. Watts says, "to bark and bite," are as evil-minded as a London burglar, and have no sense of honour.

The poets have always had a kindly feeling for dogs, and have recognised their noble qualities. The literature of the subject, from Homer's days to Mrs. Browning's, is, indeed, boundless; but just now I cannot attempt even a cursory glance at it. My object is much more limited. I want to say a few words about a poet whose love of dogs and, indeed, of all his four-footed fellow-mortals, affords a striking illustration of the beauty of his manysided nature. Sir Walter Scott, it has been well said, was a gentleman even to his dogs. He talked to them as if they understood him, and had a regard not only for their physical comfort but for their feelings. Camp, which Lockhart calls a bull-terrier and Mr. Hutton a deer-hound, was a distinguished favourite. Naturally fierce, he was gentle as a lamb with children, and so intelligent as to understand very much of what was said to him. When too ill to accompany his master in his rides the servant had only to tell him that the Sheriff was coming home by the ford or by the hill, and the sick animal would immediately go out at the back or front door, according to the direction given, and advance as far as his strength would allow. When Camp died he was buried in the little garden, in the rear of Scott's town-house in Edinburgh; and Mrs. Lockhart, the poet's eldest daughter, afterwards told her husband that she well remembered the whole family standing in tears, while her father smoothed down the turf over the grave with the saddest expression of face she had ever seen in him. Scott excused himself from dining out that day on account of "the death of a dear old friend." Camp was succeeded by Maida, the most famous of all his dogs, who sleeps under a marble monument at Abbotsford, and lives for all time under the name of "Bevis" in the pages of "Woodstock." A drawing of this dog was made by Sir Edwin Landseer, and Scott, after saying that the drawing was engraved, adds:—"I cannot suppress the avowal of some personal vanity when I mention that a friend going through Munich, picked up a common snuff-box, on which was displayed the form of this veteran favourite, simply marked as 'Der lieblich Hund von Walter Scott.'"

Sir Walter had a heart for small dogs as well as for deer-hounds, and would leave his study windows partly open in winter as well as summer that his parlour inmates might jump in and out at pleasure. Everyone who has read "Guy Rannering" will remember Dandie Dinmont's mustard-and-pepper terriers, and how the fictitious name of Dinmont was generally given to a farmer of the name of Davidson, who accepted it with good humour, saying that "the Sheriff had not written about him mair than about other folk, but only about his dogs." Of this breed there were two representatives at Abbotsford. Dinmont thought that with dogs as with children everything depended on education. "Beast or body," he said, "education should aye be minded. I have six terriers at home, forbye two couple of slow-hounds, five greys and a wheen other dogs. There's Old Pepper and Old Mustard, and Young Pepper and Young Mustard, and Little Pepper and Little Mustard; I had them a' regularly entered, first wi' rottens, then wi' stots or weasels, and then wi' the todos and brocks, and now they fear naething that ever cam wi' a hairy skin on't."

Arthur Hallam, who lives in "In Memoriam"—one of the finest monuments ever raised by poet to a friend—visited Scott with his father, and wrote some verses on the memorable occasion. The lines are not remarkable as poetry; but they are significant as showing that the youthful poet could not write of Sir Walter without writing also of his constant companions:—

It was a comfort too to see  
Those dogs that from him ne'er would rove,  
And always eyed him reverently  
With glances of depending love.

They know not of that eminence  
Which marks him to my reasoning sense;  
They know but that he is a man,  
And still to them is kind and glad them all he can.

It was inevitable that the artists who painted Scott's portrait should wish to paint his dogs also in order to increase the verisimilitude of the picture. In one oil-painting he is represented with Camp leaning his head on his master's knee; in another, with Camp at his feet; in a third, Camp appears again with two greyhounds, Douglas and Percy; and in a fourth, Scott's staghound Bran is seen by his master's side. It is almost unnecessary to add—for who does not know the poet's monument in Edinburgh?—that a dog is to be seen by the statue. Here it may be observed, at the cost of diverging a little from my subject, that Scott seems to have had the power of attracting animals to him exhibited by Thoreau. When a three-year old child, he delighted to roll about on the grass among the crags at Sandy-Knowe, and said in after years that "the sort of fellowship he thus formed with the sheep and lambs had impressed his mind with a degree of affectionate feeling towards them which had lasted throughout life." His horse, Brown Adam, we are told, was altogether intractable in other hands, never allowing himself to be backed but by his master, and broke one groom's arm and the leg of another when they attempted to ride him. Lockhart has an amusing story to tell of Scott as he was starting one morning from Abbotsford with his guests for a coursing-match. No sooner had the order of march been settled than his daughter Anne, screaming with laughter, exclaimed, "Papa! Papa! I knew you could never think of going without your pet!" the pet being a black pig that volunteered to join the party. "This pig," says Scott's biographer, "had taken, nobody could tell how, a most sentimental attachment to Scott, and was constantly urging its pretensions to be admitted a regular member of his tail, along with the greyhounds and terriers; but, indeed, I remember him suffering another summer under the same sort of pertinacity on the part of an affectionate hen."

In his later years, when sorrows that never come single file laid their weight upon Scott, his faithful dogs were not forgotten. Among them were two staghounds of gigantic size, "chiefly useful as pleasant companions." Before leaving for Italy on his last hopeless journey, his latest instruction to his trustworthy friend Laidlaw was to be very careful of the dogs; and, finally, when the "whole world's darling" returned to Abbotsford to die, it is touching to read how, upon reaching the home he loved so well, the dogs began to fawn upon him and lick his hands, while "he alternately sobbed and smiled over them until sleep oppressed him."—J.D.



## MYSORE, SOUTHERN INDIA.

The Native Principality of Mysore or Maisur, which was long administered by a Chief Commissioner of the British Government of India, but has for some years past been restored to the rule of its own Rajah, with the adjacent highland territory of Coorg, is almost surrounded by different parts of the Madras Presidency, but on the north-west side touches the Bombay Presidency in the district of Dharwar. It is situated wholly inland, some 150 miles west of the seaport and city of Madras, and is separated by the Ghauts, and the narrow Canary district from the Malabar coast. Its extent is about 250 miles in length and 238 miles in breadth, with a population exceeding four millions. The country is mostly an elevated table-land, between the Eastern and Western Ghauts and the Neilgherry Hills; the climate is cool, except at noon-day, and Bangalore, 3000 ft. above sea-level, is a favourite health-station for Europeans residing at Madras.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, under the famous Hyder Ali and his son, the still more famous Tippoo Saib, with considerable French assistance, Mysore was a most troublesome enemy of the British in Southern India, repeatedly invading Madras and Travancore. This war ended, in 1798, under the Marquis of Wellesley's Government, with the capture of Seringapatam, the strongest fortress of Tippoo, who was there killed, and his large dominions were divided between the East India Company and the Nizam of Hyderabad.

The town of Mysore, shown in our View, is situated a few miles south of Seringapatam, on the River Cauvery, and has about 60,000 inhabitants. It is open and well built, with regular streets and avenues, temples, and gardens, and with a fort, separated from the town by an esplanade, containing the Rajah's palace, with the mansions of nobles and wealthy citizens in its precincts. The British Residency is about five miles distant, on the summit of a hill overlooking the town and valley. There are no interesting architectural monuments of antiquity, the old city of Mysore having been demolished, in 1787, by its ruler Tippoo, who designed the erection of a new city on one of the neighbouring hills.

The exhibition of orchids at Mr. William Bull's establishment for rare plants, 536, King's-road, Chelsea, is attracting considerable attention, being visited daily by members of the fashionable world.

## AN OLD BENGAL DIARY.

*Diary of William Hedges, Esq., during his Agency in Bengal, from 1681 to 1687.* Edited by Colonel Yule, R.E., C.B. (Hakluyt Society).—It is a satisfaction to all who are acquainted with Sir Henry Yule's contributions to geographical and historical knowledge, and aware of his official services to the Indian Government, that, on the Queen's birthday, since the publication of these three volumes, her Majesty conferred on him the honour of a Knight Commander of the Star of

detail an elaborate picture of what might be called the birth and infancy of the British power in Bengal. This had been done before; but in his book we have much fresh and original matter, which, in many cases, corrects former histories, and throws new light upon events that were but imperfectly understood until now. At first, Balasore and Hugli were the two principal factories in Bengal. Calcutta did not exist; it comes on to the stage of history as "Chuttanuttty." The word "Calcutta" does not appear before 1688. The real founder of that place was Job Charnock, a notable man,

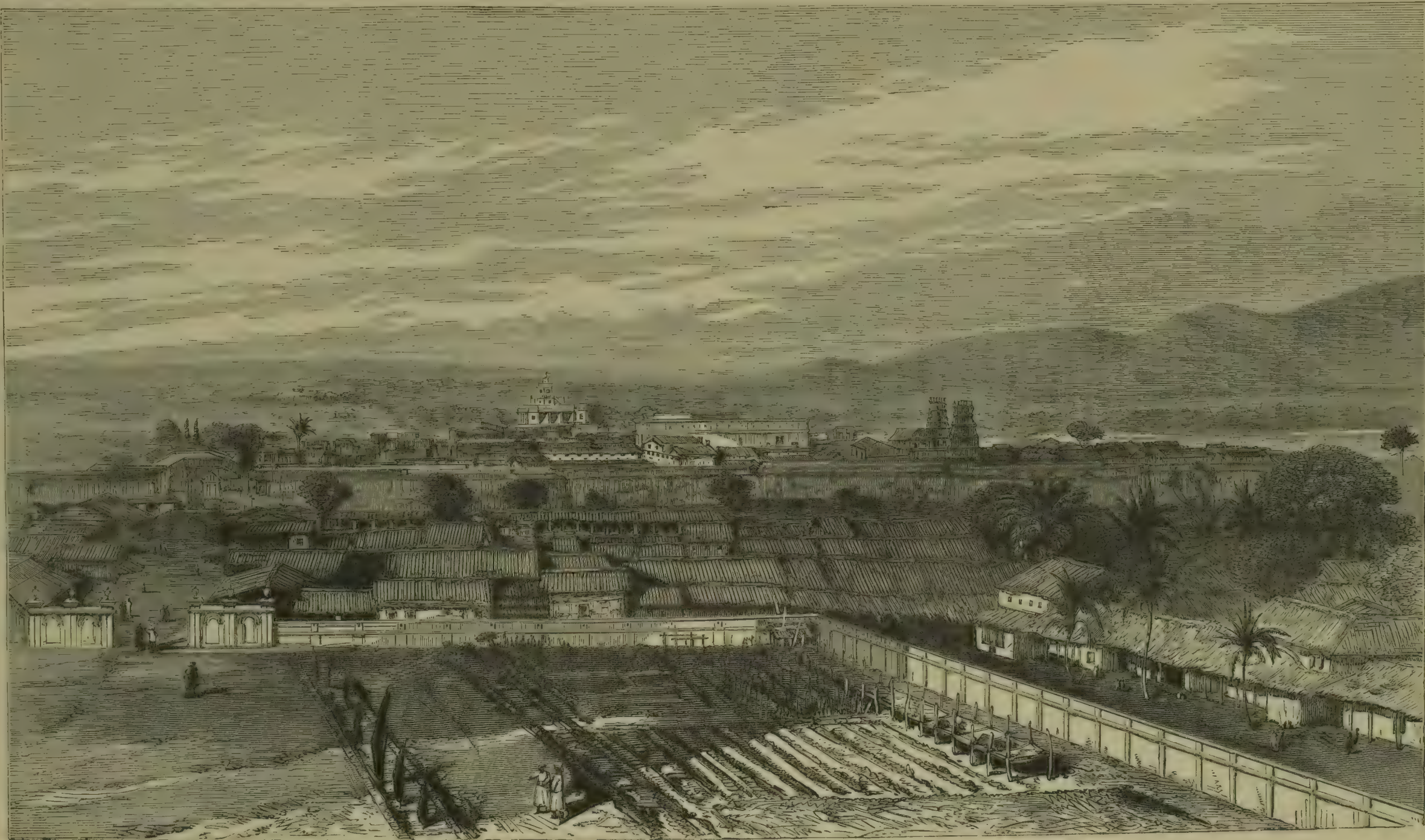
from, the price he paid, the anxiety about risking such a valuable gem in "a single bottom," how it was sold to the French Crown, is all told. The purchaser was the Regent Duke of Orleans, and the stone is now well known by the name of the "Regent." It was first set in the crown; it was lost and found again in the Revolution; Napoleon wore it in his sword hilt; at a sale of national jewels some few years ago this stone was not sold, so it is still the property of the French nation. Those who have read "The Moonstone," by Wilkie Collins, will be familiar with another legend about this

diamond; for it was reputed to have been one of the eyes of "Juggernaut." Colonel Yule all through deals with what he has documentary authority for, so he only alludes to the above tradition. Governor Pitt was a good servant to the Company, but he also looked after "Number One," a phrase which, it appears, is as old as his time. He had a good shake of the "Pagoda tree," and he was able to buy large estates on his return. He was M.P. for Old Sarum, which his grandson the Earl of Chatham also represented. These volumes shows us a rare combination of careful research and local knowledge; and the result is that of a striking contrast between the early position of "Ye Hon'ble Company," as it was then called, with that of the state and power of our Indian Government at the present day.

The Alexandra Palace was reopened for the season on June 1, when Professor Baldwin made a balloon ascent and parachute descent. Two other American aeronauts, Messrs. Williams and Young, also gave an exhibition of their skill. Another attraction at the palace was an interesting collection of a thousand monkeys.

The bracelet presented to Mrs. Gladstone at the meeting of the Women's Liberal Federation

deserves a special mention not only on account of its intrinsic value, but also for the great artistic taste shown in the grouping of the emeralds and diamond shamrocks which surround the portrait, and the care and pains taken in the finish of every part of it. The miniature, which is copied from the well-known portrait by Sir John Millais, is painted on ivory, and is mounted as a bracelet, the band of which is formed of three thin, delicate lines of gold enamelled in green and white, and at the back is engraved—"25th July, 1889. From the Women's Liberal Federation, 1889." It has been mounted by Messrs. Hancock and Co., the jewellers of New Bond-street, at whose establishment it is, by the permission of Mrs. Gladstone, now on view.



VIEW OF THE TOWN OF MYSORE, SOUTHERN INDIA.

India. The Hakluyt Society, of which he is President, has done well in presenting to the world the "Diary of William Hedges," which, though written two centuries back, only turned up a few years ago. It is of considerable interest, as it gives many details connected with the condition of Bengal at the time Hedges was the Agent for "Ye Hon'ble. English East India Compy.," and of the position, as well as the character, of the servants of "Ye Company" in those early days. The great interest of this work will be found to consist in what Colonel Yule has made out of it. As in his editorship of "Marco Polo," he here again, by means of notes and a large accumulation of supplementary matter, has worked out in minute

whose name is prominent through the whole three volumes of Colonel Yule's work, and we can, from the notices of him, form a fairly good portrait. The chief interest of the book centres in the history of "Governor Pitt," and the historical associations connected with his name. He was the grandfather of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, and great-grandfather of William Pitt, the celebrated Prime Minister of George III. His name is also associated with the celebrated "Pitt Diamond," which he sent home from India. This historical stone was the source of many strange legends regarding its origin and the means Governor Pitt used in order to become its possessor. Here its history is for the first time fully given—who he bought it



## TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND.

In that amusing record of fact and fable—a collection as well known and as useful to scribblers as the volumes of Hone, or "The Book of Days," as Bouillet or La Rousse—in "Brewer's Hand-book" we learn that Tom Tiddler's Ground was a nook in a rustic by-road where Mr. Mopes, the hermit, lived—a rural pleasure which that gentleman had succeeded in laying waste and desolate. Tom Tiddler's Ground was a ruined hovel with windows devoid of glass, with floors, walls, and ceilings more or less dingy and decayed. In its immediate vicinity were a tree and a pond—a green, slimy pond suggesting efts and toads; a scraggy, leafless tree holding out in every branch an invitation to come and be hanged. "Rumour," writes Dickens, the skilled creator of this ideal solitude, "said that Tom Mopes had murdered his beautiful wife from jealousy, and had, in consequence, abandoned the world." But the Tom Tiddler's Ground of Dickens is not the familiar Tom Tiddler's Ground of our nursery tales. That domain is, indeed, of a very different kind. The Tom Tiddler's Ground of our infancy is paved with precious metal—its soil is auriferous. There man, woman, or child needs but to stoop and stretch forth the hand and pick up gold and silver. In that blessed land, all may become rich without labour; and in these days, when most things, including honour, intellect and happiness, are measured by a money standard, this Tom Tiddler's Ground approaches very nearly in felicity that abode of the Lotus-eaters, the Fortunate Western Isles, the rosy Utopia of the olden times.

This land, this Tom Tiddler's Ground, this happy region of golden expectations and silver dreams, is it difficult of access? Not at all; no gates of adamant, nor bars of iron, nor portals of oak obstruct our entrance: nothing stands in our way but our own inactivity. Our own supineness is the only lion in the streets, the sole spectre on the threshold our own indifference. Not a day passes over us without an invitation from Tom Tiddler's land, couched in the politest and most persuasive words, "To those who are in want of money." What are these familiar terms but a complimentary card requesting all in this unfortunate predicament (and who, indeed, are not—excepting always the proprietors of Tom Tiddler's Ground?) to call and gather it together and cart it away at their earliest convenience, with all necessary privacy, without any embarrassing questions, without any kind of fees, without registration, without removal, and without other security than that of their own honourable person? Thus it is with the moneys of other people to be found in profusion in Tom Tiddler's Ground. It is, however, possible, if not likely, that some scruple of conscience, some perversity of intelligence, may bind leaden weights to the feet which would otherwise fly with all alacrity to these reservoirs of alien riches—may cramp the hands which would otherwise with all eagerness be outstretched to pick up this gold and silver of other people. But what cause of hindrance can there be, what manner of scruple or obstacle for feet or hands, when the money lying there is our very own?

In no country in the world—it has been said by those who have investigated this interesting subject—is there so much money lying unclaimed, so much gold and silver waiting for its owner to pick it up, as in this tight little island of Albion. And there live and move therein so many persons ignorant of fortunes which are, or ought to be, by law and justice, their own. Moreover, when those people are made aware, by some kindly-intentioned soul or other, that money is due to them from soldiers' balances, Army and Navy prize-money, dormant funds in Chancery, lost wills, lapsed legacies, missing relatives, or from some other

totally unexpected source, we find them often as shy of stretching forth their hands to take it, as they are of getting cured of their ailments by advertised medicines. Wherein lies the explanation of this extraordinary indifference? Perhaps a fear of legal expenses holds them back. It was once observed in the course of an argument by a famous Attorney-General that he was quite sure that no people in England, however poor, were too poor to employ a solicitor. This legal officer must have viewed poverty in much the same light as Marie Antoinette, who was unable to understand why people starved when there were so many nice little rolls to be bought in every baker's shop for a penny. The costs attending contested claims are often more than the value of the property contested.

Perhaps, again, there is a fear of some misfortune to themselves. For when Jones is wanted in the newspapers for something (underlined) greatly—very greatly—to his advantage, it has turned out, such is man's duplicity, on more than one occasion, that the real motive of the desire of the presence of Jones was the anxiety of Robinson to settle his little bill. Perhaps the way to Tom Tiddler's Ground is intricate or ill-defined. It is, indeed, too often difficult to know in what manner to proceed for the acquisition of the thing hoped for. Curious methods have been adopted. One gentleman, who was advised that he was heir to property of a Mr. Mackenzie, devised for himself an altogether ingenious plan of action. He wrote to the postmaster of his village beseeching that dignitary to favour the applicant with the addresses of all the Mackenzies in Scotland, Ireland, England, and Wales, but especially Scotland. Another expectant heir, a widow, at a loss how to commence her campaign, beguiled the parson of her parish with feminine wiles. The result of this strategy was apparent on the following Sunday, when the minister thus advertised his flock: "The prayers of this congregation are desired for the success of a person engaged on a new and hazardous undertaking."

The law's delay must frighten many. It is a common cause of complaint, but it is nowhere more common than amongst the claimants of disputed wealth. A case of contested kinship began in 1802 and dragged its slow length along like a wounded snake till the year of grace 1861. "The foregoing case," says an eminent authority, who inserted it in his chronicles, "is especially noteworthy, as showing that next-of-kin may successfully claim funds from the Crown, although over sixty years may have elapsed between the date of the intestate's case and the recovery of the money." And then, with a curious perversity, unless, indeed, he speaks ironically, he concludes thus: "It would be difficult to find a more encouraging case for claimants!"

Often, too, when the goal is nearly reached, when the trembling fingers of the ardent suitor almost touch the long-contested pile of gold, some evil and altogether unexpected obstacle rises between the hoped-for treasure and the outstretched hand. So it was in a case some years ago, when all that was wanted, all that remained to satisfy the Court completely, was the evidence of one witness. This witness was an aged woman, nearly related to the defunct whose property formed the ground of action. She was intensely nervous, and therefore approached with considerable caution. But all was of none avail; for this witness—the one missing link of an otherwise complete chain—insisted, with what the parties interested considered, no doubt, a kind of demoniacal perversity, on going into fits whenever the subject of money

was mentioned. And so—only too often—the Tom Tiddler's Ground, fertile in gold and silver, and the dingy and desolate Tom Tiddler's Ground of Mr. Mopes' ruined hovel, turn out, after the lapse of more or less time, to be one and the same estate.

And this lapse of time, between the hour in which we first hear of our expected good-fortune and that in which we learn whether the result of all our labours be disappointment or success, what is it but a period of unrest? The pleasures of hope are only the embroidery on one side of life's canvas; on the other are the ugly contortions and entanglements of despair. Grief is commonly proportionate in intensity to the happiness of expectancy; but it lasts longer. Most men, however, are in a hurry to be rich. Solomon declared that the man who hastens to be rich cannot be innocent. It will be enough here to say that he is little likely to be happy. How small a value he attaches to the loss of time is apparent from the fact that he longs for the conclusion of every day which intervenes between his dream of wealth and its realisation. Like the schoolboy, with his stick of notches representing the diurnal intervals between the beginning of his incisions and his holidays so ardently desired, he reflects not that the passage of every day brings him nearer to his return to his hated school, and also to that final condition of compulsory leisure which meets favour among few of articulately-speaking men.

J. M.

Mr. Justice Denman and Mr. Justice A. L. Smith will be the Whitsun Vacation Judges.

A deputation has waited on the Prime Minister to urge the Government to endeavour to re-establish a bi-metallic system by international agreement. Lord Salisbury replied that a great monetary international congress was to be held in Paris in the autumn, and he hoped England would not be wanting on that occasion. Mr. Goschen said the conference in Paris was simply for discussion, and no step would be taken to bind any nation; but he hoped it might furnish information which the British public would have to examine.

Mr. Evan Spicer, chairman of executive committee, South London Polytechnic Institutes, explains the present position of the scheme for providing London south of the Thames with three technical and recreative institutes. The Royal Naval School at New-cross has been acquired for the purposes of a Polytechnic in that district. Its adaptation and equipment are to be effected by means of the funds at the disposal of the Charity Commissioners, who will contribute also an endowment of £2500 a year. This is the outcome of the generosity of the Goldsmiths' Company, who provided a similar endowment. For the Elephant and Castle district the committee are in treaty for the purchase of the British and Foreign Schools in the Borough-road. The bargain is not yet made; but there is every reason to hope that its completion is but a matter of time. This institute is to have an endowment of about £4000 a year, and all that will be wanted when the buildings are acquired will be about £5000 for adapting them. Still further west the Battersea Institute is less advanced. It has been finally decided not to attempt to utilise the Albert Palace, but to erect a more suitable building hard by. Towards this institute several large sums have been promised—more than half of what will be required—but there is still to be found £25,000 for establishment and endowment funds equal to £29,000. Contributions will be received and acknowledged by Mr. Spicer, at 50, Upper Thames-street, E.C., or by the secretary, at the offices of the South London Polytechnic Institutes, 34, Walbrook, E.C.

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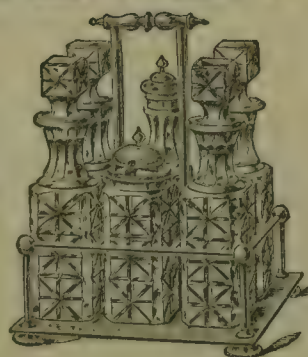
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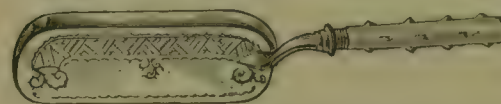


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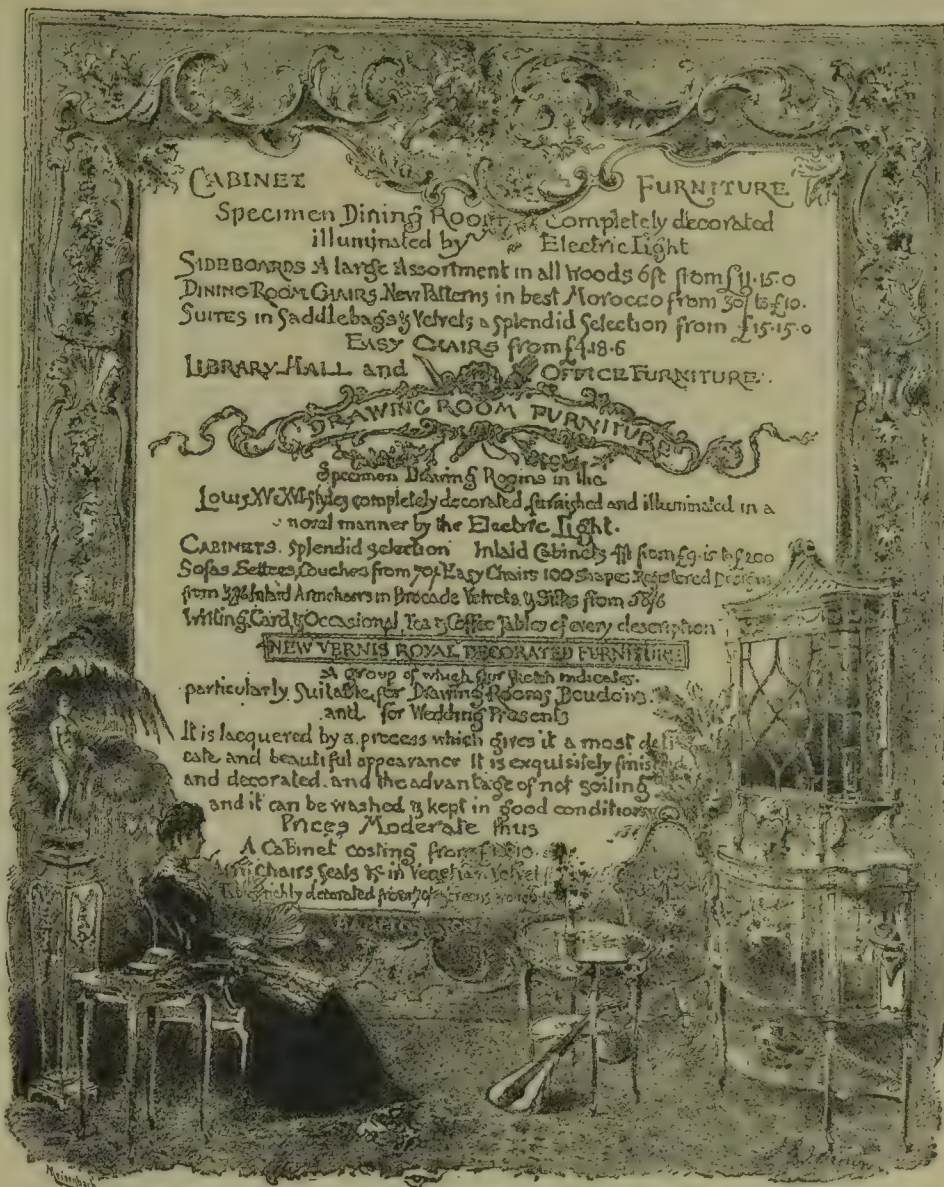
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"Oh! pills for the pimples that come in the spring,  
Tra la la la la! Tra la la la la!  
Oh pills for the pimples of spring!"



## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

I had no idea what an interesting and quaint ceremonial was comprised in the conferring of the Honorary Freedom of the City, till I had the privilege on May 29 of witnessing the presentation of it to the Marquis of Dufferin. The great hall of the Common Council of London is a spacious chamber within the Guildhall. Carved stone walls, against which stand two giant wooden statues, grotesque in form, gorgeous in paint and gilding, and of unknown antiquity, representing Gog and Magog, and magnificent marble monuments to Wellington, Chatham, and other British heroes, are lit up by very fine stained-glass windows; and though somewhat dark, the hall is worthy of fine occasions. There is a small balcony forming a porch above the door, and here a few ladies specially invited, together with Lady Dufferin and the Lady Mayoress, were provided with seats. A temporary platform exactly opposite this balcony was the scene of the ceremony, and the intervening space was occupied by over a hundred and fifty members of the Court of Common Council, all resplendent in violet, or, as it is called, "mazarin" blue, silk robes, with capes edged with miniver, forming an extremely effective mass of colour. The Aldermen in scarlet robes were with the Lord Mayor and the hero of the occasion on the platform.

Mr. Gladstone came in some time before the proceedings began, and promptly made for the platform, as though unable to conceive of his being placed elsewhere. As that point of vantage was strictly preserved, however, for Lord Dufferin and the Aldermen, the ex-Premier had to be content with standing for some moments on the steps leading up to it, bowing delightedly to the limited plaudits which met his appearance. Very partial the reception was, for the City is notoriously Conservative, though Mr. Whitehead, the present Lord Mayor, is a Liberal. After some time, Chief-Commoner Judd induced the ex-Premier to descend, and escorted him to our balcony, no doubt as the most honoured place. This did not suit Mr. Gladstone, however, as he was quite out of sight of the multitude; so, taking a seat, he presently went to sleep and slumbered all through the speeches. Lord Rosebery followed his chief to the balcony, and he and Lady Breadalbane kept the great man awake for a little while; but when the coming of the civic procession silenced chat, Mr. Gladstone succumbed.

The front row of the balcony, the only one visible to the general public who filled the hall on either side of the space reserved for Common Councilmen, was occupied by a distinguished gathering of ladies. There was the Lady Mayoress, looking sweetly pretty in a *réséda faille Française* gown, trimmed with gold passementerie, and a low velvet bonnet in a darker shade of the same colour. At her Ladyship's side sat the Marchioness of Dufferin, looking very stately, in a black velvet Directoire dress, with *moiré* front and revers, and a black velvet bonnet, edged with Oriental embroidery, and otherwise trimmed only with a spray of osprey. Her eldest daughter, Lady Helen Blackwood, was plainly garbed in a light grey tweed tailor dress, with a bow bonnet of black striped ribbon relieved by a pink rose. Lord Dufferin's younger daughter, Lady Hermione, who is very pretty, was also in a tailor-made dress of light woollen, a biscuit ground with a chocolate stripe, and brown velvet cuffs, collar and pockets, and a straw sailor hat simply trimmed. Mrs. Rowan Hamilton, Lady Dufferin's mother, wore black silk, velvet, and jet.

The Countess of Breadalbane's dress was very handsome; an Empire gown of *réséda* cashmere and silk, the silk vest in a multitude of crosswise pleats, ending under a wide, high

sash. Lady Halsbury was plainly dressed in black. The Countess of Aberdeen was in a perfectly straight long mantle of biscuit-coloured Irish tweed, smocked at the neck, with soft picture hat to match. The City ladies were many of them elegantly dressed, but the crowd below the balcony was so great that it was difficult to distinguish individual costumes.

To describe the scene is not in my province—how the Marquis of Dufferin, the only man on or near the dais who was dressed in plain morning costume, which was relieved only by a white gardenia button-hole, stood out as singularly distinguished by that very plainness of attire against the vivid background of scarlet robes and gold chains of the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen; how the Town Clerk read a declaration signed by certain City dignitaries that they knew his Lordship to be "a nobleman of good repute," and deserving to be made a Freeman; how the City Chamberlain recounted the services to Queen and country of the eminent diplomatist whose happy union of urbanity of manner and firmness of decision he justly eulogised; how Lord Dufferin read a declaration of his agreement to be true to the Sovereign and his brother Freemen, and neither to conceal or abet conspiracies against the peace, and then signed the roll of the freedom; how a pretty little casket of solid gold was handed to him to contain the patent of his honour from his fellow-citizens; how his Excellency then spoke clearly and impressively in acknowledgment of the honour, ascribing the recognition of his services to the growing appreciation of the efforts of diplomatists to avoid the miseries and burdens of war—all this is doubtless recorded elsewhere. The whole made up a most interesting and, indeed, exciting ceremony, and anybody who has in the future a chance of seeing such an one should by no means miss it—though, indeed, there is but one Lord Dufferin, and without him the occasion would have been different. The Chamberlain's allusion to Lady Dufferin's services to Indian women evoked special applause.

The *Al Fresco Floral Fête* at the Albert Hall, in aid of the Grosvenor Hospital for Women, was really a pretty event; but, unhappily, it was a complete "frost," so far as the attendance of the public went. The Ice Carnival was so miserably bad that I fear it has spoiled the chances of such events for some time to come; but the Floral Fête was really pretty, and it was sad that it should have suffered for the sins of the other affair. The hospital will, I fear, lose rather than gain in funds by it, and the benevolent may take the hint and give more liberal subscriptions to compensate for this disappointment.

Mrs. Black's ball in aid of her cottage-hospital for ulcer was a great success, the Prince's Hall rooms being crowded, and very pretty dresses and fine jewels appearing. She deserves success, for the hospital hangs entirely on her personal exertions, and has treated sixteen thousand cases of those "bad legs" which are such a terrible infliction to the working classes. This charitable lady has proved that the complaint can be cured by proper and prolonged dressing in a great majority of even old chronic cases.

Great crowds were present at both the meets of the Coaching Clubs, and fortunately both Saturdays were fine enough to allow of summer gowns appearing. Foulard silk is by far the most fashionable wear this season for matrons, while younger married women and girls wear muslin-de-laines, usually in floral designs, zephyrs, and pretty prints. The mantles were a feature at the meets, two new styles being specially "well worn" and noteworthy.

One is a shoulder cape designed specially to wear with

Directoire costumes, which the ordinary dolman or shoulder cape does not suit. They are made of a multitude of accordion pleats, or else of a series of tiny capes one under the other like the old-fashioned coachman's collar; in either case, they fit in to the figure at the waist and fall loose over the shoulder.

The other is a black lace confection, constructed on a black silk sort of sleeveless bodice fitting close to the figure, with a deep flounce of lace all round it, to reach to the bottom of the skirt, and long wing sleeves, or, rather, armtops, also of lace, gathered on the shoulder, and hanging loose over the arm so as to reach nearly to the ground. These two styles of mantles are much the best worn. There is a great variety of shoulder-capes, all made with fitting bodices to the back and front of the waist, held in place by straps of elastic passing under the arms—some with jet or lace sleeves over the top of the arm only, some sleeveless.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

On May 30 the Duke of Cambridge reviewed the Cheshire Yeomanry Cavalry on the Roodee, at Chester. The Duke of Westminster was in command of the regiment. The men were put through a variety of manoeuvres, on the conclusion of which the Duke of Cambridge addressed the regiment, expressing his surprise and admiration that the men, after only a week's training together, should have been able to go through such a number of evolutions so successfully. He had, he said, reviewed many Yeomanry regiments, but he had never met one better manned or better mounted.

There will be 112 men-of-war and torpedo-boats at the naval review on July 27, and they are to be drawn up in four lines, stretching from Spithead to the Solent. The Victory, which was Nelson's flag-ship at Trafalgar, is to be at the head of one of the lines. The Queen will be on board the Victoria and Albert, the Prince and Princess of Wales and their family in the Osborne, and the Emperor William and Prince Henry of Prussia in the Imperial yacht Hohenzollern. One of the Indian troop-ships is to be set apart for the accommodation of members of the House of Lords, and another of these vessels will be appropriated to members of the House of Commons.

Hatfield Park, the seat of the Marquis of Salisbury, was on June 1 the scene of an interesting field-day of Volunteers, in which, besides the local corps and the 20th Middlesex (Artists) Rifles, the Corps of Cambridge University, Harrow School, and Haileybury College, and the Cadet Corps of the London Rifle Brigade took part. Colonel Edis, of the Artists, was umpire, and Colonel Meares, Royal Irish Fusiliers, assistant-umpire. The general idea was based on the assumption that a brigade was retreating south through Hatfield on London, and had left a detachment to cover its retreat, with orders to hold the north-east of Hatfield till nightfall.

The Clergy Pensions Institution held its third annual meeting recently, under the presidency of Mr. E. P. Thesiger. It was reported that an appeal on behalf of the Augmentation Fund had brought in sums already paid amounting to £2922, to which should be added balances of donations payable in several instalments, and contributions which are to be continued annually. The funds had increased by a little more than £10,000 during the year, making the total sum accumulated at the close of the year over £30,000. As regarded the central work of the institution, the aim of the directors had been to secure an increase of the Augmentation Fund, both by donations and by annual contributions. In several dioceses steps were being taken to establish Diocesan Clergy Pensions Funds in association with the Clergy Pensions Institution.

## DINING-ROOM FURNITURE.

## DINING-ROOM FURNITURE.

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The **LICHFIELD SUITE**, in solid oak, walnut, or mahogany, consisting of six small and two elbow chairs in leather; dining-table, with patent screw; also Early English sideboard, with plate-glass back, and fitted with cellaret, 16 guineas. Design free.

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The **STAFFORD SUITE**, comprising six small chairs, two easy-chairs in leather, telescope dining-table, sideboard, with plate-glass back and cellaret, and dinner-wagon; in light or dark oak, walnut, or ash, very substantial in character, 23 guineas.

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The **TAMWORTH SUITE**, in polished or fumigated oak, walnut, or mahogany, comprising six ordinary, two easy chairs, and handsome couch, in leather, extending dining-table and sideboard, with cellaret, 27 guineas; an excellent suite, at a medium price.

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The **SCARBOROUGH SUITE**, in solid ash or walnut, including wardrobe with plate-glass doors, and new-shaped washstand, £12 15s.; or with bedstead and spring bedding, £17 10s.

## BED-ROOM SUITES.

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## CARPETS for HARD, STREET-LIKE

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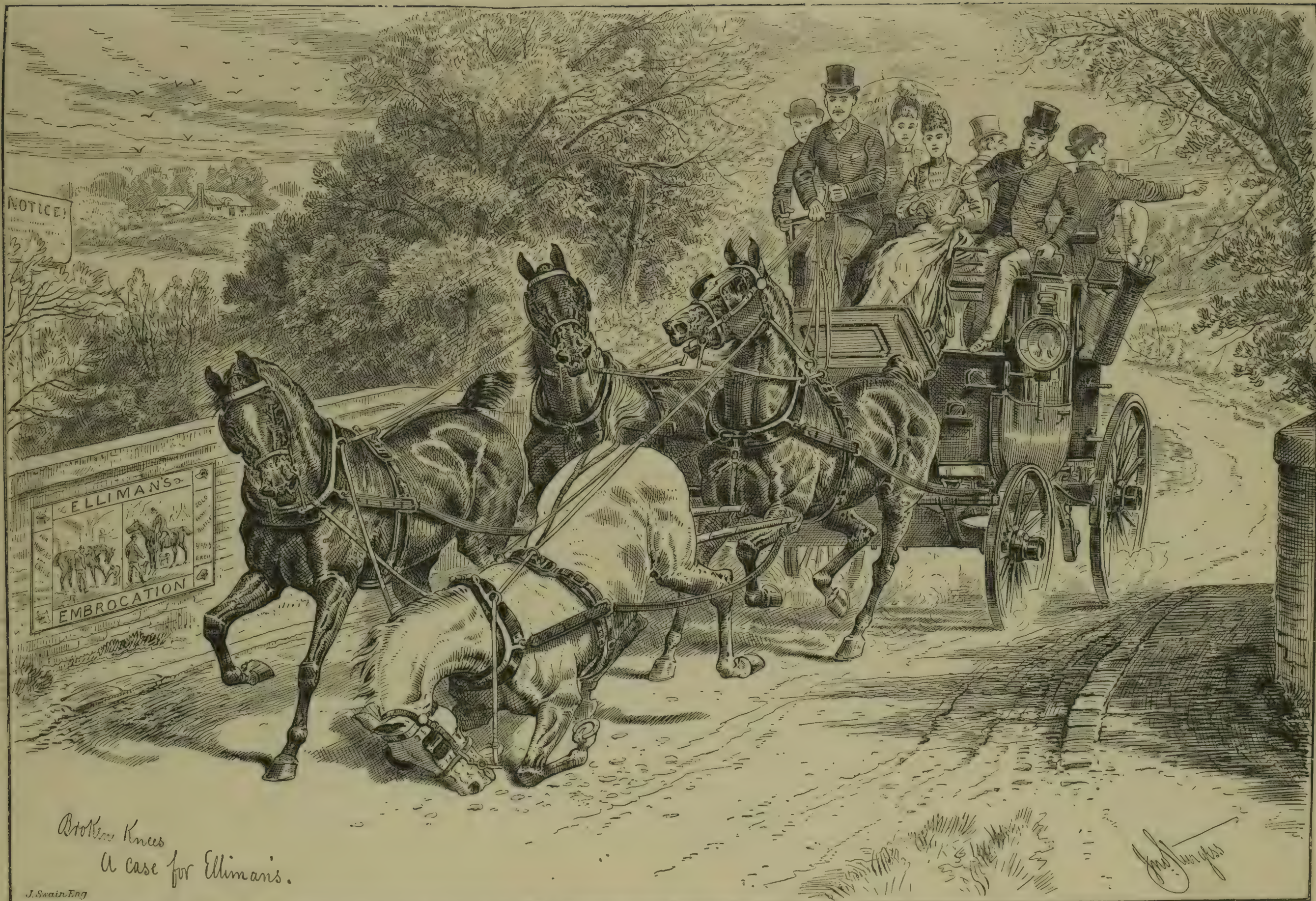
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## MUSIC.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Among recent performances was that of Verdi's "Aida," in which Madame Giulia Valda sustained the title-character with high vocal and histrionic merit, especially in the duets with Radames and Amonasro. The co-operation of Madame Scalchi as Amneris, and of Signori A. D'Andrade, F. D'Andrade, Abramoff, and Miranda, respectively, as Radames, Amonasro, Ramphis, and the King, contributed to a generally effective performance. Signor Mancinelli conducted.

Other performances remaining for comment since our last record, included Boito's "Mefistofele," in which the composer, like Richard Wagner, was his own poet. This, like several other important operas, was first brought out in this country by Mr. Mapleson, who produced it at Her Majesty's Theatre in July, 1880. In its recent performance at the Royal Italian Opera, the characters of Margherita and Elena were both sustained by Miss Macintyre, instead of being, as before, assigned to separate representatives. The lady just named appeared in the part of Margherita in "Mefistofele" during Mr. Harris's season at the Royal Italian Opera last year, when she made a highly favourable impression, as in her other performances of that season. In her recent representation of the two characters above specified, Miss Macintyre again displayed the charm of a fresh, bright voice and refined style, especially in the music of the Garden scene; and excellent dramatic sentiment in the Prison scene. As on previous occasions Madame Scalchi's co-operation as Marta and Pantalio was an important feature, particularly in the duet, "La Luna," with Elena in the closing portion of the opera. As Faust Signor Massini displayed an agreeable, although not powerful, tenor voice, and much intelligence as an actor; and he will probably improve the impression in subsequent appearances. Signor Novara is to be credited for his ready efficiency in suddenly sustaining the character of Mefistofele, owing to the indisposition of Signor Castelmarty. The grand effects in the music of the Walpurgis Night scene were heightened by a large augmentation of the chorus. The stage accessories were worthy of the work and the establishment, and the performance was ably conducted by Signor Mancinelli.

The earliest performance this season of "Lohengrin" included the reappearance of Madame Nordica as Elsa and Madame Fursch-Madi as Ortruda; and was to have included the first appearance on the Italian stage of Mr. B. McGuckin as Lohengrin, a character which he has sustained with great success in the English version of the opera produced by Mr. Carl Rosa. Madame Nordica sang the music of her part with great charm and idealism, especially in the balcony scene; and the other lady already named gave the scarcely less im-

portant music of her character with excellent dramatic impulse. A fall and a sprained ankle prevented the appearance of Mr. McGuckin, and the part of Lohengrin was creditably filled by Signor A. D'Andrade, who thus prevented the necessity for a change of opera. Signor F. D'Andrade gave great dramatic force to the important character of Telramondo; and the parts of Enrico and the King found efficient representatives, respectively, in Signor Castelmarty and Signor Abramoff. The augmented chorus gave grand effect to some of the concerted music. Signor Mancinelli again conducted.

A special event was the first appearance this season of Madame Albani on June 1, when the opera was "La Traviata"; her performance of the character of Violetta having been a repetition of brilliant and refined vocalisation, and a charm and refinement of manner (favourably contrasting with the true significance of the part), that have often before been manifested in the same opera, and never more so than on the recent occasion. Signor Cotogni repeated a well-known performance as the elder Germont, and M. Talazac was the Alfredo. Mr. Randegger conducted.

The first appearance this season of Mdle. Van Zandt, and other proceedings, must be spoken of hereafter.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

This building is again being put to its legitimate use—operatic performances—under the lesseeship of Mr. Mapleson, who has been for so many years identified with the locality, in the building that was destroyed by fire in December, 1867, and the present structure which was opened (several years after the completion of the new building) in 1877. According to previous announcement, the Haymarket Opera-House was re-opened on June 1. Having already given an outline of the arrangements made by Mr. Mapleson for his new operatic season, nothing need now be said on that head, and it only remains to speak of the opening performance, which consisted of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," the character of Rosina sustained by Madame Giuseppina Gargano, who made her first appearance in England. She possesses a bright soprano voice and considerable powers of florid execution, and has evidently had good stage experience. She at once made a very favourable impression by her delivery of Rosina's opening cavatina, which was fully maintained by her subsequent performances; particularly in the introduced arias of the lesson-scene, Proch's air with variations, and the "Shadow-song" from Meyerbeer's "Dinorah." The lady will doubtless prove a valuable member of the company. The tenor who had been announced as Almaviva was suddenly replaced by Signor Vicini, who acquitted himself acceptably, and is manifestly an experienced stage vocalist. Signor Padilla was an animated Figaro, Signor

Caracciolo a conventional Bartolo, and Signor Darvall an efficient Basilio. The orchestra proved its good qualities by its effective performance of the overture; and the few choristers were more effective than might have been expected from their small number. A printed notice stated that many of the chorus singers, engaged in Italy, had not arrived, owing to their having missed the train at Turin. Notwithstanding these disappointments, a very fair commencement was made by Mr. Mapleson on his opening night. The performance was benefited by having had Signor Bevilacqua as conductor. The interior of the theatre has been redecorated and furnished, and presents a fresh and new appearance. Of the promised debut of Mdle. Pacini, and of other matters, we must speak hereafter.

Señor Sarasate's fourth concert—at St. James's Hall on June 1—included his brilliant performances in Beethoven's Violin Concerto, and that by Mr. Saint-Saëns (No. 3); besides orchestral pieces conducted by Mr. W. G. Cusins.

The programme of the fifth Richter Concert was of a varied character, including music by several classical composers besides that of Wagner and Brahms.

That estimable vocalist, Mdle. Victoria De Bunsen, gave an interesting concert on June 3, at the residence of Sir Morell and Lady Mackenzie.

The Westminster Orchestral Society recently gave its thirteenth concert (the last of the present series), at the Westminster Townhall, with an excellent programme of vocal and instrumental music, all selected from British composers.

The concert of Mrs. Charles Yates (Mrs. Dutton Cook), at the residence of Mr. R. Sassoon, has been postponed from June 1 to June 11. In addition to her own skilful pianoforte playing, a very attractive programme is promised.

The annual summer orchestral and vocal concert by students of the London Academy of Music, under the able superintendence of Professor Wylde, Mus. D. Cantab, took place on June 5, at St. James's Hall.

The clever young vocalist who has adopted the pseudonym of "Nikita" is announced to appear at a concert at the Royal Albert Hall on June 8, with other well-known artists; and in the same hall an evening concert will be given on the 19th.

Recent miscellaneous concerts have included a recital by Miss H. M. Hansen, a juvenile pianist; a concert by Miss Fusselle, the well-known vocalist; and concerts by Miss E. Lewis, Miss D. Foster, Chevalier Oberthur (the well-known harpist), Mrs. F. Ralph (pianist), Miss A. Ehrenberg, Mdle. Jeanne Douste, Miss E. Barker (vocalist), and Teresina Tua (the eminent violinist).

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**PORTSMOUTH and ISLE OF WIGHT.** CHEAP TRAINS, Saturday, June 8, to Havant and Portsmouth from Victoria 1 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from London Bridge 2.30 p.m.; and Kensington (Addison-road) 12.45 p.m.; returning by certain Trains only the following Tuesday evening.

**WHIT SUNDAY.—CHEAP TRAINS** from London Bridge 8 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and West Croydon; from Victoria 9.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, Mitcham Junction, Sutton, Epsom, Leatherhead, and Dorking; to Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Chichester, Havant, and Portsmouth. Returning same day.

**WHIT MONDAY.—CHEAP TRAINS** from London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington (Addison-road) at 8.40 a.m. to Havant and Portsmouth. Returning same day.

Return Fares between London and Portsmouth Town and Havant, Day Excursions Whit Sunday, 4s.; Whit Monday, 5s.; Saturday to Tuesday, 5s.

For Isle of Wight connections, and through Cheap Fares to Ryde, Cowes, Ventnor, and Isle of Wight Railway Stations, see Handbills.

**HASTINGS and ST. LEONARDS.** WHIT SUNDAY, CHEAP TRAINS from London Bridge 8.5 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; and from Victoria 8 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Returning same day. Fare, there and back, 4s.

**WHIT MONDAY.—CHEAP TRAINS** from London Bridge and Victoria 7.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Returning same day. Fare, there and back, 5s.

**TUNBRIDGE WELLS BY THE NEW DIRECT ROUTE.**—CHEAP EXCURSIONS on Whit Sunday and Monday from London Bridge, Victoria, New Cross, Norwood Junction, Clapham Junction, and Croydon.

**EASTBOURNE and LEWES.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS** on Whit Sunday and Monday from London Bridge, calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; and from Victoria, calling at Clapham Junction.

**BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY TO TUESDAY.** SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS, SATURDAY, June 8, from Victoria 8.25 a.m. and 2 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington (Addison-road) 12.45 p.m., and 1.50 p.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; and from London Bridge 8.30 a.m. and 2.35 p.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and Croydon.

Returning only on the following Tuesday, and then only by the 7.10 p.m. Train. Fare, there and back, 5s.

**EVERY SUNDAY, CHEAP PIER-CLASS TRAINS** from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

**SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS** on Whit Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday from London Bridge direct, and from Victoria, calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS DAILY** to the Crystal Palace, from London Bridge and New Cross; also from Victoria, Kensington (Addison-road), West Brompton and Chelsea and Clapham Junction.

**FOR FULL PARTICULARS** see Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained.—West-End General Offices, 28, Piccadilly; Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate-circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand. (By Order) A. SABLE, Secretary and General Manager.

**PLEASURE CRUISE to NORWAY,** visiting the North Cape to see the Midnight Sun. The Orient Company will dispatch their large full-powered steamship Chimborazo, 356 tons register, 300-horse power, from London on June 13 for Christiania, Bergen, Gudvangen, Molde, Naes, Trondhjem, Tromsø, North Cape, Hammerfest, Lerwick, arriving in London on July 9. The steamer will be navigated inside the fringe of islands off the Coast of Norway, thus securing smooth water.

The Chimborazo is fitted with the electric light, hot and cold baths, &c. Cuisine of the highest order.

The Chimborazo will leave London for a Second Cruise to Norway on July 17, calling at Leith on July 19.

Managers—F. GREEN and CO., 13, Fenchurch-avenue; ANDERSON, ANDERSON and CO., 5, Fenchurch-avenue, London, E.C. For further particulars apply to the latter firm, or to the West-End agents, GRINDLEY and Co., 55, Parliament-st., S.W.

**SUMMER HOLIDAYS.—TOURS to WEST COAST and FIORDS of NORWAY,** quickest, and cheapest route. The splendid new first-class Steamer St. Sunniva leaves Leith and Aberdeen on June 8 for a Twelve-Days' Cruise, fortnightly thereafter.

The St. Sunniva to the Norwegian Fiords and North Cape on June 20, and on July 15 to the Fiords and Trondhjem, and fortnightly thereafter.

Full Particulars and Handbook, 3d., may be had from J. A. CLINKSILL, 102, Queen Victoria-street, E.C., and SWEET and CROWTHER, 18, Cockspur-street, Charing-cross, S.W. THOMAS COOK and Sons, Ludgate-circus, E.C., and all Branch Offices; and GUN and Co., 21, Water-street, Liverpool.

**LYCEUM.**—Sole Lessee, Mr. HENRY IRVING. MACEBETH, EVERY EVENING (Except SATURDAY), at Eight.—Macebeth, Mr. Henry Irving; Lady Macebeth, Miss Ellen Terry. Box office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5. Seats also booked by letter or telegram. Carriages at 11. MATINEE, MACEBETH, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, at 2 and Saturday, June 15 and 22. On these Saturdays (except June 22) the theatre will be closed at night.—LYCEUM.

**THE NEW GALLERY, REGENT STREET.** THE SUMMER EXHIBITION NOW OPEN. NINE TILL SEVEN. Admission, 1s.

**ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.**—The One Hundred and Eleventh Exhibition is NOW OPEN (5, Pall-mall East) from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s.; Illustrated Catalogue, 1s.—ALFRED D. FRIPP, R.W.S., Sec.

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**CRICKETERS, NOTE THIS!—S. GOFF and CO.—Cricket Requisites** 30 per Cent Under Price. Dark's solid cane handle match-bat, usually 12s. 6d., our price 8s. 6d.; treble seam match cricket balls, 4s.; solid brass top ash match stumps, specially 4s. 6d.; batting gloves, rubber backs, 4s.; pair gauntlets, 3s. 6d.; leg guards, 5s.; steam tarred cricket net, complete, with poles and guy ropes, 12s.

GOFF, 17, King-street, Covent-garden.

**RHODODENDRONS.**—The Rhododendrons and Azaleas in Rotten-Row are Supplied



OBITUARY.

THE COUNTESS OF HADDINGTON.

The Right Hon. Frances Henrietta Arden, wife of George, present Earl of Haddington, and daughter of Sir John Warrender, fifth Baronet, died at Tynninghame Castle, N.B., on May 29. Her Ladyship's mother, Lady Warrender, was daughter of the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Alvanley, and, in her right, her husband took by Royal license, in 1858, the additional surname of Arden. Lady Haddington leaves two sons, George, Lord Binning, Captain Royal Horse Guards, born Dec. 24, 1856; and the Hon. Henry Robert, Coldstream Guards, born Oct. 4, 1862; and three daughters.

THE HON. EDWARD KEPPEL COKE.

The Hon. Edward Keppel Coke, second son of the first Earl of Leicester, by Lady Anne Keppel, his second wife, died at Longford Hall, near Brailsford, on May 27, aged sixty-four. He was educated at Eton, and was formerly Captain Scots' Fusilier Guards. He was J.P. and D.L., served as High Sheriff of Derbyshire in 1859, and sat in Parliament for West Norfolk from 1847 to 1852. He married, Aug. 5, 1851, the Hon. Diana Agar-Ellis, sister of the second Viscount Clifden.

SIR CHARLES LANYON.

Sir Charles Lanyon, Knight, the eminent engineer, died on June 1 at White Abbey, near Belfast, in the county of Antrim, aged seventy-six. He was son of Mr. John Jenkinson Lanyon, of Eastbourne, Sussex; and, having attained high eminence in his profession, became a member of the Institute of British Architects, and of the Institute of Civil Engineers. From 1862 to 1868 he was President of the Royal Institute of Architects in Ireland, and received in the latter year the honour of

Knighthood. He filled also the office of High Sheriff of the county of Antrim, 1875-6; was M.P. for Belfast, 1866-8; and Mayor of that important town in 1862. Sir Charles married, in 1837, Elizabeth Helen, daughter of Mr. Jacob Owen, architect to the Board of Works in Ireland.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Charles Macauley, Professor of Sacred History and Hebrew in the Maynooth College, on June 2. He had been thirty-five years attached to the college.

The Venerable Archdeacon Philpot, at his residence, Mona Lodge, Oak-hill, Surbiton, at the ripe age of ninety-eight years. He took his degree at Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1813, and in 1815 was ordained a deacon, and in 1817 a priest. He was first appointed Perpetual Curate of Walpole and Southwold, and became Vicar-General and Archdeacon of the Isle of Man in 1828. Eleven years after, he became Rector of Great Cressingham, Norfolk; twenty years after that, Vicar of Lydney, Forest of Dean; and Rector of Dennington, Suffolk, in 1871. He was twice married, and leaves numerous descendants.

Mr. William Crichton, for many years the managing partner of the extensive engineering and shipbuilding firm of Messrs. William Crichton and Co., at Abo, Finland, and for some time British Vice-Consul. He was created a Knight of the Order of Stanislaus, third class, by the late Emperor of Russia, for distinguished services to the Russian Government. Born at Leith in 1827, he was the third son of the late Commander George Crichton, R.N., who was among the first to introduce the use of steam into the coasting trade, and was the author of many improvements in the Royal Navy now in operation. Mr. William Crichton was a nephew also of the late Sir

Alexander Crichton, for several years physician to the Emperors Alexander and Nicholas, and a cousin of the late Sir William Crichton, who succeeded him as physician to the Emperor Nicholas. Mr. Crichton has left a widow and twelve children.

The Queen has sent £50 in aid of the funds of the Railway Benevolent Institution.

The Prince of Wales has forwarded a cheque for £105 as a contribution to the Patriotic (Volunteer) Fund being raised by the Lord Mayor on behalf of the metropolitan Volunteers.

The ship Wellington has arrived in dock from Canterbury, New Zealand, with a cargo of frozen meat—13,200 lambs in prime condition, being the largest number of lambs ever brought by one vessel.

Through the exertions of Mrs. Robert Vere O'Brien, *née* Miss Arnold, niece and adopted daughter of the late Mr. Forster, a training school has been established in Limerick for the revival of the lace industry, which a few years ago gave employment to thousands of females, but has latterly decayed. The training school has proved a great success, and an exhibition of the pupils' work will shortly be held.

General R. Strachey presided at the anniversary meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. The founder's medal was presented to Mr. A. D. Carey, of the Indian Civil Service, for explorations in Central Asia; and the patron's medal to Dr. G. Radde, of Tiflis, for his long services in the cause of scientific geography. The President reviewed the progress of geographical discovery during the past year; and Sir M. E. Grant Duff was elected President for the year.

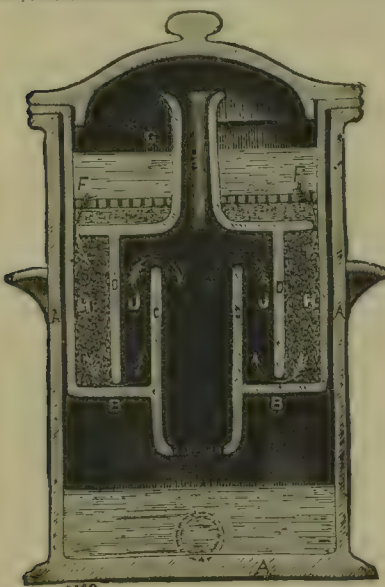
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You can change the trickling stream, but not the Raging Torrent.

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AND we were ready to encounter half-a-dozen Ayobas.

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## THE GREAT FLOOD DISASTER IN PENNSYLVANIA.



JOHNSTOWN, IN THE CONEMAUGH VALLEY, PENNSYLVANIA.

One of the greatest disasters occasioned by sudden flood within recent history, the destruction of several towns, with the death of thousands of people, took place in the United States of America, in the State of Pennsylvania, on Friday, May 31; its scene was the Conemaugh valley, on the western slope of the Alleghanies, one of the head waters of the Ohio river.

This valley is the route of the Pennsylvania Railroad westward. The Pennsylvania Railroad divides at Blairsville; the main line, leaving the Conemaugh river, going south-westward towards Greensburg, with Pittsburg beyond; while the West Pennsylvania Railroad follows the Conemaugh down towards the Alleghany river. The latter line crosses the Conemaugh at Bolivar. From the summit of the Mountains towards Pittsburg is a deeply-carved gorge, containing many tributary streams. Here were some flourishing and populous mining and manufacturing towns, the chief being Johnstown, with a population of 30,000, situate eighty-five miles east of Pittsburg, and the seat of the Cambria Iron Company, the most extensive iron and steel works in America. To the north-east of Johnstown, about three miles distant, was the largest reservoir in the United States, on the South Fork, forming a lake covering about four square miles. This was originally made as a feeder for the Pennsylvania Canal. A dam, 700 ft. wide and 100 ft. high, held the water at a level of 250 ft. above Johnstown. The bursting of this dam was the disaster.

During the last three days of May, a heavy rainstorm, originating in Colorado, had been passing eastwards, with a

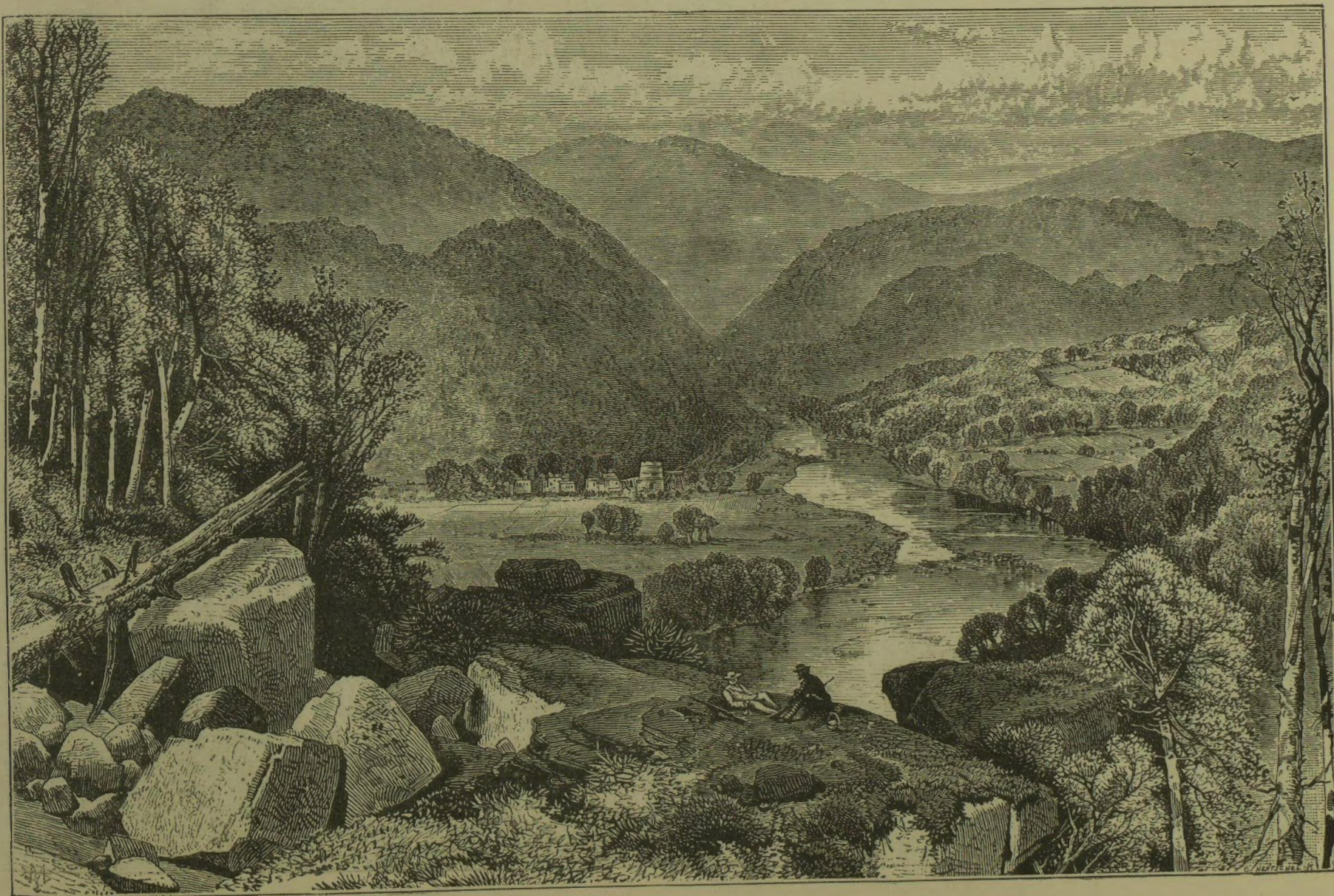
central depression over the lake region. On Thursday, May 30, and the next day, this caused tremendous south-easterly gales from the Atlantic seaboard towards the lakes, bringing the warm moist air of the Gulf Stream into the Alleghany mountain region. Heavy rainfalls resulted, swelling all the rivers that drain the Alleghanies, the rainfalls exceeding four inches on the slopes of the mountains. In consequence, over a wide extent of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, and districts further to the south, there were floods and tornadoes, destroying buildings, uprooting trees, and causing great loss of life. Every stream coming down the mountains on the eastern or western slopes had become a raging torrent. The dam of the South Fork reservoir above Johnstown, on the Friday afternoon, showed signs of weakness. A warning was sent to Johnstown, and the people began to leave. The dam burst at about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the flood rushed down the South Fork some four miles by a circuitous, deep valley to its junction with the Conemaugh river, already swollen. There was a gap of 200 ft. in the dam.

Then began the work of destruction. For a distance of more than twelve miles round Johnstown, the flood swept out every town and village, and destroyed all the railways, telegraphs, houses, and mills. It first struck the town of South Fork, at the confluence of Stony Creek with the Conemaugh river,

four-fifths of the town of 2000 people being destroyed. The torrent flowed down the Conemaugh to Mineral Point, on the flat country close by the river, with 800 inhabitants, entirely destroying it. It then swept on six miles further to the town of Conemaugh, where the gorge grows broader, and was covered with iron-mills, the place containing 2500 people. This town adjoined Woodvale, with 2000 people, Johnstown lying beyond.

The whole valley here was covered by a succession of industrial works, which the flood almost entirely swept out, with a vast mass of dwellings on the flats adjoining the river, carrying the debris of hundreds of buildings in the raging stream. Many persons saved themselves by flight to the adjoining hills, and hundreds floating down the stream on driftwood were rescued by men along the shores below.

The disaster at Johnstown was aggravated by fire, in addition to water. A stone railway bridge here crosses the Conemaugh river, which bridge remained intact, but obstructed by the debris floating down. For nearly a mile above the bridge the torrent was filled with a mass of buildings and driftwood, 40 ft. high, which at last caught fire from the iron furnaces, and blazed furiously. The conflagration spread to



NEAR BOLIVAR, IN THE CONEMAUGH VALLEY.



houses crowded with people seeking refuge, and seventy persons were burnt to death.

The flood was so high that only two houses in Johnstown were left above the water-line, the torrent spreading entirely across the valley, and being 30 ft. deep. It swept down the valley forty miles, and everything was overflowed, this being the outlet gate through Laurel mountain, the western ridge of the Alleghenies. The Conemaugh valley is here broader, with smaller villages, all of which were completely submerged. The towns of South Fork, Mineral Point, Conemaugh, Woodvale, Johnstown, Cambria City, Morrellville, and Sheridan, are entirely destroyed, scarcely any buildings being left standing; their inhabitants, unable to escape to the hills, were drowned, burnt to death, or washed down the river. Oakley, a place of 700 inhabitants, and Long Hollow, Bolivar, Nineveh, New Florence, and Saltsburg were under water. Every bridge was carried away. At Blairsville the lowlands were submerged, the torrent rushing by with wooden houses floating, the people still clinging to the roofs. As the floods of the Conemaugh receded, corpses were being recovered all along the river, down the Allegheny river, and also on the Ohio river below Pittsburgh.

The Conemaugh Valley, the scene of this immense disaster, has now been explored. The estimates at first published of the loss of life are increased; it is believed that 10,000 have perished, of whom 8000 were drowned or burnt to death around Johnstown. Several physicians have arrived there, tents have been erected, and hospitals have been opened. The plundering of the dead having begun, the people promptly lynched twenty ruffians who were detected. Adjutant-General Hastings, who is in charge of the district with his troops, announces that order has been restored. A citizens' committee has been formed for directing the work to be done.

Eye-witnesses have described the breaking of the dam and the rush of waters. The landlord of the hotel at South Fork Reservoir says:—

"When the dam broke, the water seemed to leap, scarcely touching the ground, and bounding down the valley. Its front was like a solid wall, 20 ft. high, crashing, roaring, and carrying everything before it. The torrent in front looked dusty; that must have been spray. The houses went down before it, tottered for a moment, and then rose, crushing against one another like eggshells. It flowed eighteen miles to Johnstown, through narrow, crooked valleys, in less than an hour. The Conemaugh, which was already flooded, rose 36 ft. in five minutes."

A telegraphic message from South Fork notified Johnstown when the dam broke. Mrs. Ogle, a telegraph operator at Johnstown, tried to communicate with the South Fork office, but it was silent. She telegraphed to Sang Hollow that the

water was rising over the Johnstown bridges; she was herself, with her daughter, a moment later, swept away with the telegraph-office; both were drowned.

Charles Luther, a boy, stood on the hillside near Johnstown, and saw the flood coming. He heard a grinding noise far up the valley, and could see a dark line moving towards him. He saw it was houses coming slowly along, and clearing everything in front. Logs seemed to be tossed high in the air, and to fall back with a crash. The mass moved down the valley steadily, and crossed Johnstown. For ten minutes nothing but moving houses was seen. Then more waters followed, with a rush and a roar that lasted two hours. Then, as darkness came, the stream flowed more steadily.

Those who arrived first at Johnstown, having walked along the river from Sang Hollow after the floods subsided, saw dreadful sights. The bridge in Johnstown carrying the

Pennsylvania Railroad over the Conemaugh River crosses it diagonally from north to south. Into the upper angle the houses, trees, and fences that had come down the left side of the river rushed, and were piled until the arches under the bridge were closed. The current of the Conemaugh was then changed, and the wreckage began to be piled up until rafters and timbers projected above the stonework. Then houses, nearly all crowded with human beings, crashed up, one after another, until the wreck extended half a mile up stream. No pen can describe the horror or the shrieks of the thousands held fast in that mass of floating ruins. Then the mass caught fire near the railroad-bridge, and hundreds, not drowned or crushed in the rush down stream, were burnt alive. The shrieks raised by the victims as the flames reached them made the most stout-hearted wring their hands in despair at their inability to render assistance. The wind blew from up stream, and the air became filled with noxious odours, until the horrors to the senses of sight, hearing, and smell became so great that many persons were forced to leave the spot.

Meanwhile, the greater part of the mass of houses had gone down along the right bank. One fierce rush carried away a portion of the stone bridge; then the flood bore down upon the remaining dwelling-houses in Johnstown, and floated them off, further to the west, in the Conemaugh. Walking up towards Johnstown, a correspondent says:—

"Not a house was left standing or was plumb. Hundreds of them were turned on their sides, and in some cases three or four stood one on the top of the other. Two miles below Johnstown stood half of the waterworks of the Cambria Iron Company, a structure built of massive stone. It was filled with planks from houses, and a heap of wreckage was piled up 50 ft. high in front. A little above could be seen what was left of the Cambria Ironworks, one of the finest plants in the world. Some of the

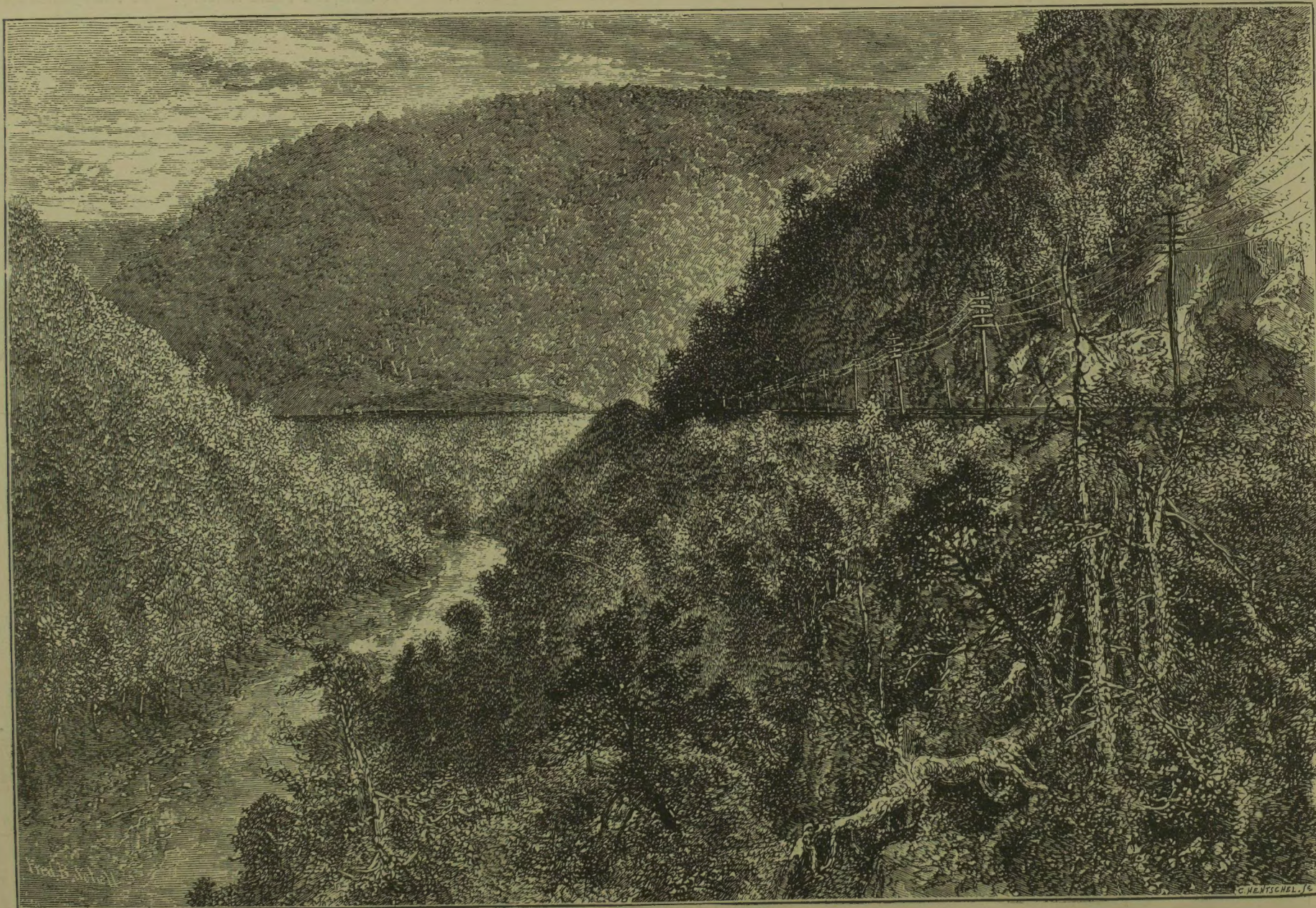
walls are still standing, but not a vestige of the valuable machinery remains in sight. The two upper portions of the work were swept away, and under pieces of fallen iron and wood could be seen the bodies of forty workmen.

"Then, rounding the river bend, the fiery furnace blazing above Johnstown bridge came into view. About fifty barrels of whisky had been washed ashore just below Johnstown, and those who had lost everything sought solace in drink. One man, a clerk named Woodruff, was reeling along intoxicated, when suddenly, with a frantic shout, he threw himself over the bank into the flood, and would have been carried to death had he not been caught by the persons below. 'Let me die!' he exclaimed, when they rescued him; 'my wife and children are gone; I have no use for my life.' He had never drunk before.

"The Hotel Hurlburt, of Johnstown, a massive three-storey



THE CONEMAUGH VIADUCT.



IN THE PACK SADDLE, ON THE CONEMAUGH.



building, collapsed with seventy-five people, only two of them being saved. The Conemaugh railway round-house was swept down the stream, with forty-one locomotives; and before they reached the bridge the locomotives were ground literally to pieces.

"I stood on the bridge, and looked into the seething mass of ruin. At one place the blackened body of a babe was seen; in another fourteen skulls could be counted. Farther on, the bones became thicker, until at one place it seemed as if the concourse of people had been gathered into a heap and burnt. At this time smoke was still rising to a height of 50 ft. It is expected that when it dies down charred bodies will be seen in the mass of burnt debris.

"A cable had been run from the end of the stone bridge to the nearest point across, a distance of 300 ft., and over this cable was run a pulley with a car fastened under it. I crossed over, and walked along the hillside, where I saw hundreds of persons lying on the wet grass, wrapped in blankets or quilts. It was growing cold and misty, rain had set in, and shelter was not to be had. The houses on the hillside that had not been swept away were literally packed from top to bottom. The bare necessities of life were soon at a premium. Loaves of bread were sold at 2s. each, and even starvation threatened, but relief came on Saturday.

"The train, unable to proceed, halted four miles below the town, and food was carried four miles over a rough road along the river.

"Rich and poor were served alike by the terrible disaster. I saw a girl standing with her bare feet on the river bank, clad in a loose petticoat, with a shawl over her head. At first I thought she was an Italian woman, but the face showed I was mistaken. She was the belle of the town, the daughter of a wealthy Johnstown banker. This single petticoat and the shawl were not only all that had been left her, but all that had been saved from the magnificent residence of her father. She had escaped to the hills, not an instant too soon."

In the building called Alma Hall, at Johnstown, about two hundred persons had taken refuge on the second, third, and fourth storeys. The men held a meeting, and drew up some rules, which all were bound to respect. Mr. Walters was chosen president, the Rev. Mr. Beale was put in charge of the first floor, Mr. Hart of the second floor, and Dr. Matthews of the top floor. No lights were allowed. The whole night was spent in darkness, but the sick were cared for, the weaker women and the children had the best accommodation that

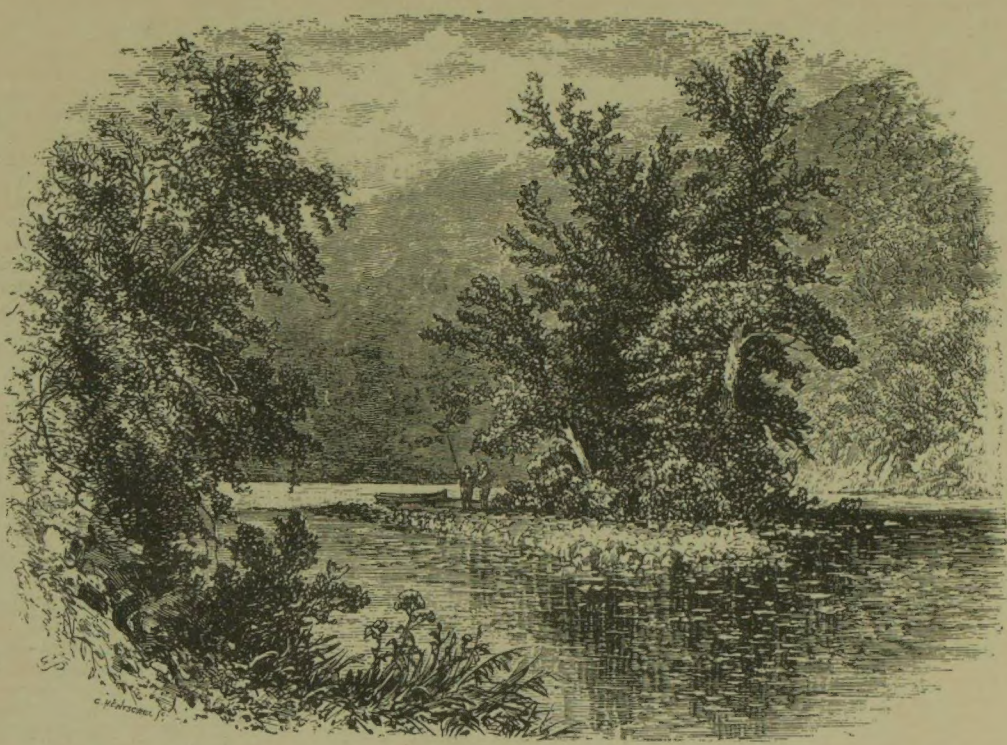
in use all over the world.

As a model residence-town it took rank second to the famous city of Mr. Pullman outside Chicago. The Cambria Iron Company erected nearly 800 tenement houses, and rented them to its employés at less than ordinary rates. These houses were all of wood, which in that mountainous region is the most available material; but they were built on tasteful modern designs, nicely finished and furnished with bath-rooms, hot and cold water, and natural gas. The company built and maintained a public library with some 7000 volumes, and while charging 4s. per year to those who were able to pay, allowed others to use it free of cost. A scientific institute was managed in connection with the library, giving free technical instruction to all who wished it, and the experiment had only recently been inaugurated of selecting certain young men of special aptitude and allowing them to work three days in the week in the mills and then study the next three at the institute. Numerous mine inspectors and mine and fire foremen had already been graduated from the class of geology and mining, taught by Mr. John Fulton, the general manager of the company. The town had its own accident insurance association, disbursing in the year 1887 the sum of 88,525 dols., of which the Cambria Iron Company donated 10,000 dols. The chief items of this large sum were—for accidents, 41,874 dols.; for sickness, 27,240 dols.; for accidental deaths, 12,200 dols.; and for burials, 4340 dols. The company had also built a hospital, at a cost of 30,000 dols., and, as this was on a hill, it has probably survived the calamitous shock.

Of the works of the Cambria Iron Company, stretching for a mile and a half along the ordinarily dry bed of the Conemaugh river valley, and comprising a whole town of blast furnaces, steel mills, and rolling mills, apparently nothing remains, and apparently, too, most of its managers have lost their lives along with its vice-president. Since 1874 there had been no labour troubles or even differences of opinion in Johnstown, and no failures among its business men. The town had grown from a village of 1300 inhabitants in 1852, when the Cambria Iron Company was organised, to a city of nearly thirty thousand, and was probably, all in all, the most prosperous and contented community in the United States. Now, the rocks and coal-cuttings along the steep Conemaugh Valley, all the way to the very gates of Pittsburgh, are strewn with the corpses of its citizens, who only last autumn, from hundreds of High Tariff hustings, were held up as objects of envy for all other Americans.

We add a few more anecdotes of personal suffering, perils, and escapes. At Sang Hollow, six miles west of Johnstown, just before it was dark, some wreckage, bearing a small boy, came alongside the railway signal-tower. The boy was rescued, and said he was swept away from Johnstown with his father, mother, brother, and two sisters, in a small wooden house. It went over Johnstown railroad bridge, and then capsized, all being drowned but this child. There was another boy, sixteen years old, named Hessler, who had been astride of a shingle roof. He came from Johnstown, and had been spending the day with some young people in his grandfather's house. He said: "There was a noise of roaring waters and of crowds of people. We looked out of the door and saw persons running. My father told us not to mind, as the waters would not rise farther. Soon we saw houses being swept away, and then we ran up to the floor above. The house was one of three storeys. We were at last forced to the top one. In my fright, I jumped on to a bed. It was an old-fashioned one, with heavy posts. The water kept rising, and the bed was soon afloat, and gradually it was lifted up. The air in the room grew close, and the house was moving. Still the bed kept rising, and pressed the ceiling. At last the post pushed the plaster; it yielded, and a section of the roof gave way. Then suddenly I found myself on the roof. I was being carried down the stream. After a little the roof commenced to part. I was afraid I was going to be drowned, but just then another house with a shingle roof floated by, and I managed to crawl on it. It floated down until I was nearly dead with cold, when I was saved. Live bodies and corpses were floating down with me and away from me. I heard persons shriek, and then they disappeared."

A freight-train was lying at the signal-tower awaiting orders. A booming roar called attention to the advancing wave, then visible up the valley, two miles away. Shouting to the employés on the rear cars, the engine-driver cut the locomotive loose from the train, pulled the



SANG HOLLOW, ON THE CONEMAUGH.

throttle lever, and dashed away. Looking back, the engineer saw the signal-tower, the cars, houses, trees, and his colleagues in one wild group dashing about in the water, which almost caught his engine before it had acquired the desired momentum. Then the steam about held its own, until, upon dashing round the curve upon the bridge leading to high ground, the engine-driver saw that the track was blocked. Leaping from the engine he ran across the track and ascended the hill, whence he saw the bridge and the locomotive thundering down the stream together.

An instance of the tremendous force with which the flood of water rushed in Johnstown is obtained from the fact that a locomotive and tender weighing twelve tons were carried a distance of fourteen miles. Three miles below Johnstown a grand piano was found lying on the bank, with not a board or a key broken. It must have been lifted on the crest of a wave and laid gently on the bank. In another place were two large iron boilers. They had evidently been treated by the torrent much the same as the piano.

A heartrending scene occurred near Bolivar bridge. A young man and two women were seen coming down the river on part of a floor. A rope was thrown to them for rescue from the waggon bridge, which soon afterwards was destroyed. The man was noticed to point towards the elder woman, who it is supposed was his mother. He was then seen to instruct the women how to catch the rope, which was being lowered from the bridge. Down came the raft with a rush. The brave man stood with his arms around the two women. As they swept under the bridge he reached up and seized the rope. He was jerked violently away from the two women, who failed to get hold on the life-line. Seeing that they would not be rescued, he dropped the rope, and fell back on the raft, which floated down. The current then washed the raft towards the bank. The young man was enabled to seize hold of the branch of a tree. He aided the two women to get into the tree, and held on with his hands, resting his foot on a pile of driftwood. A piece of floating debris struck the drift, sweeping it away. The man hung with, his body immersed in the water. A pile of drift soon collected, and he was enabled to get another secure footing. Then up the river there was a sudden crash, and a section of the waggon bridge was swept away and floated down the stream, striking the tree, and washing it away. All three were thrown into the water and drowned.

The total loss of property caused by the catastrophe is even larger than was at first supposed, and is now estimated to amount to forty million dollars. Large sums of money and quantities of stores and clothing for the homeless sufferers have been collected throughout the country; but more is urgently needed.

The fire at Johnstown was extinguished in two or three days, in spite of the united protest of all the physicians, who declared that the fire by cremating the dead was the surest way to prevent a pestilence, which otherwise would be threatened from the decaying bodies. A loud cry of indignation greeted the protest, and water continued to be poured on the flames. The greatest fear now is that pestilence may

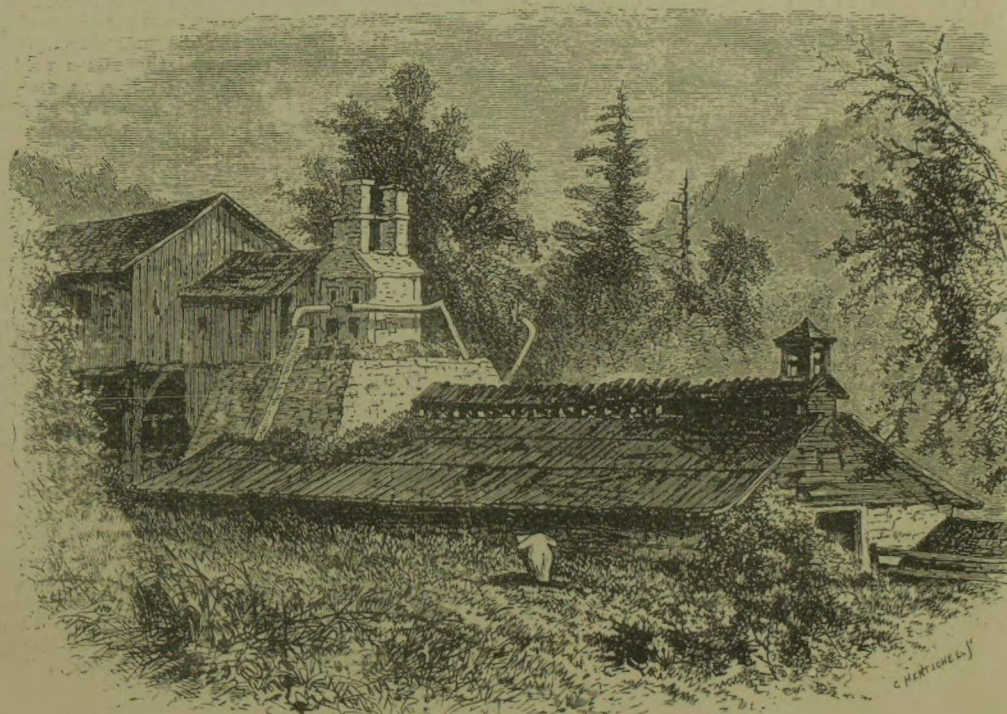


OLD SAW-MILL, ON THE CONEMAUGH.

could be had, while the others had to wait. The scenes among them were agonising. Heartrending shrieks, sobs, and moans pierced the gloomy darkness, and the crying of children, mingled with the suppressed sobs of women, under the guardianship of men, all too much cast down to hope. Nobody slept, and many knelt for hours in prayer, their supplications mingling with the roar of the waters and the shrieks of the dying in the surrounding houses. In the midst of all this misery, two women gave premature birth to children. Dr. Matthews had had several ribs crushed by falling timber, and his pains were severe; yet through all he attended the sick, and when two women in a house across the street, shouted for help, he, with two brave young men, climbed across the drift, and ministered to their wants. No one died during the night; but some women and children surrendered their lives on the succeeding day, as the result of terror and fatigue.

The little city of Johnstown, which was wiped out of existence with such terrible swiftness, was, in many respects, one of the most remarkable towns in the United States. With its immediate suburbs, it contained a population of 30,000 people, and of these fully 20,000 were directly or indirectly dependent on the Cambria Iron Company for subsistence. Nearly 8000 men and boys were employed by this gigantic corporation, and the homes in which they lived were pointed out with pride by all the industrial magnates of Pennsylvania as examples of what protection did for the American working man. Photographs of these model tenements were freely circulated during the recent Presidential contest, ranged side by side with carefully-selected specimens of the worst huts in which unlucky English labour finds itself housed. It was noted, at the time, that very few of the artisans and labourers who inhabited these admirable houses were really Americans. The Pennsylvania Industrial Statistics for 1887 reported that "those of German, Irish, Welsh, and English birth or extraction predominate, with a few Swedes and Frenchmen." It is probable that the destruction of the city snapped more family ties in Europe than in America.

Johnstown has a place in the industrial history of the century. It was here that Daniel J. Morrell, a strictly self-made man, established the largest Bessemer steel manufactory in the New World. Here many of the important inventions which have revolutionised the iron and steel industries were first tried—among them the inventions by the Brothers Fritz of the three high-rolling mill and the steel-blooming mill, the latter of which obviated the reduction of steel ingots by the slow and costly process of hammering, and is now



OLD FURNACE, ON THE CONEMAUGH.



form the climax of this tale of horror. The cities of Pittsburg and Alleghany, with an aggregate population of 350,000, draw their water-supply from the Alleghany river, down which corpses and debris from the ruins are floating. As far as one hundred and fifty miles from Johnstown the water is dark and muddy, and occasionally bodies are found. To drink it would cause an epidemic of typhoid. There is, consequently, great alarm in those towns.

Our Illustrations of Johnstown and other places in the Conemaugh valley are copied from the engravings in an official work, "The Pennsylvania Railroad," a volume of nearly three hundred pages, describing the lines of that great company, published at Philadelphia some years ago. The company has been working energetically to repair its lines damaged by the flood, and would resume through traffic in a few days; it has also contributed to the relief of the sufferers at Johnstown.

### THROUGH THE THOUSAND ISLES.

The mighty River St. Lawrence is the main outlet for the chain of inland seas from Lake Ontario to Lake Superior. These drain 150,000 square miles of territory, the waters from which flow on in ceaseless volume and majesty until they are precipitated over Niagara. This is a third of a mile wide, and the depth of the fall is 160 ft. Thence the River Niagara pursues a short course of fourteen miles into Lake Ontario, from the eastern end of which the St. Lawrence flows for 2000 miles to the ocean. Strictly speaking, this river commences at the city of Kingston. During the first part of its course it forms the boundary between Canada and the State of New York. It is here that the grandest and most charming scenery is found, as the noble river meanders among what are known as the Thousand Isles.

One of the recognised sights in this land of marvels is a passage down the St. Lawrence during the summer or autumn. No one, unless greatly pressed for time or devoid of all love for Nature, would think of journeying between Toronto and Montreal, a distance of 333 miles, other than by the well-appointed and luxurious steam-boats on the river route. Some prefer to go by train to Kingston, and take the steamer there, because Lake Ontario, like all these inland seas, is proverbially uncertain and treacherous, and is sometimes visited with sudden storms that render a passage extremely unpleasant. The hour of departure is timed so as to allow of the most picturesque part of the voyage by daylight. The sky, during the tourist season, is of that bright and cloudless blue so well known in Canada. The rarefaction of the atmosphere is such that distant objects appear close at hand. If it be the time of "fall," or the Indian summer, the trees are tinged with every variety of shade, from palest green to deepest crimson, including the gorgeous browns and ambers; for the juices are suddenly arrested by early frosts, and the leafy garniture then assumes the gayest colours.

The precise number of what are popularly called "The Thousand Isles" is said to exceed eighteen hundred. They dot the surface of the river at frequent but variable distances, and are of endless variety in size and form. Many of them present a surface of only ten or twenty square yards; but a few are somewhat pretentious in appearance and extent. Here and there one is seen to be inhabited, chiefly as a summer resort, and some traces of cultivation are presented. The greater number, however, are given up to stunted trees and close underwood. Yet these add to the charm of the voyage. On every side the eye is greeted and delighted with an affluence of arboreal beauty, especially when the deciduous trees assume their most glorious array, just before they are stripped by the rude hands of winter. The play of light and shade through the foliage, and its changing hues as the boat glides on, are like visions of Fairyland. On the southern side, within the United States borders, glimpses are caught of the distant Green and White Mountains. The former commence in Vermont, and trend away in undulations until they join the renowned Alleghanies, in Pennsylvania. The latter, situate mainly in New Hampshire, and called, not inaptly, "the Switzerland of America," show their lofty peaks radiant in the sunlight.

The ship pursues a tortuous course, which often threatens to become landlocked. But on turning a promontory, the channel is seen to open up among fresh isles and islets. Hour after hour thus glides by, each presenting fresh aspects and new beauties as the glorious river panorama unfolds itself. With the approach of sunset, the retreating horizon is usually filled with gorgeous banks of purple and amber clouds; the forms and hues of which change every instant. Seated in the stern of the boat, on the commanding upper-deck, the sun can be watched sinking into his river bed, and then the crimson after-glow fills the landscape with a rich, mellow light, reflected as from ten thousand prisms by the ripples on the water. Then, as the ethereal glory fades away, the stars shine out with a brilliancy seldom seen in England, and perchance the Queen of Night rises resplendent, flooding the scene with her soft bright beams. Such a day and such an evening, once beheld, can never be forgotten. The changing natural kaleidoscope imprints itself indelibly upon the memory ere it passes away like a resplendent vision.

In addition to this magnificent panorama, two things always strike the voyager along the St. Lawrence and through the Thousand Isles. At one point there is a whirlpool, caused by a sudden and deep depression in the river-bed, so that the waters are agitated into miniature waves with a rotary motion. Steam is shut off as the vessel approaches this spot, and the ship drifts on for a quarter of a mile under the powerful guidance of two helmsmen. The sensation is peculiar. It cannot be compared to motion on the sea, nor to that produced by a swing. Yet it is something of a combination of both, but with no particular feeling of discomfort, and with no consciousness of danger. Nor is there any real risk in the other novel experience on this river trip, known as "shooting the rapids." This is not always done, for a canal has been cut to avoid them, if desirable, as in the case of the point not being reached by daylight. Until 1840, the passage of these rapids was thought to be impossible, and, therefore, the Lachine Canal was made. But by watching the course of rafts of timber down the river, a channel was discovered. A steam-boat then attempted it under the guidance of an Indian pilot, who for years steered it with safety. Nor has any fatal accident occurred, although in places the passage is so narrow, the turnings among the rocks are so abrupt, and the velocity and strength of the current are so great, that certain destruction appears imminent. But with many persons, the apparent danger only adds zest to the enjoyment.

W. H. S. A.

The Derby was won on June 5 by the favourite, the Duke of Portland's Donovan; Miguel being second, and El Dorado third.

The latest proposal for the Marlowe Memorial at Canterbury is the founding of a public library. Up to the present the subscriptions towards the fund have not come in so well as had been expected.

### FROM A GARDEN WINDOW.

It is a strange, warm morning, the sky dull with a grey electric haze, and a thin violet mist hanging among the trees of the little wood opposite. Probably there will be thunder before long, as there was at noon yesterday. Meanwhile a little breeze flutters at intervals the leaves of the rhododendron close by the window-sill, and through the haze occasionally the sunshine brightens, printing the shadows of the tree-branches in clear tracery upon the hard road below. The currant-shrubs by the garden wall are in flower, and the air is full of the hum of bees busy amid their fresh greenery. There is a twittering of birds, too, everywhere happy about their nests; and the distant, scarcely-conscious murmur can be heard of the stream half hidden in the meadow bottom by gorgeous yellow-flowering whin. At intervals, among the blackthorns on the grassy hillside further off, sounds the placid note of the cuckoo; and from the school-house on the meadow edge comes the sweet, cool tinkling of a piano. It is possible to see the sparrows fluttering up from the road to the school-house eaves with long, trailing straws for their nests; while a glossy black starling preens his wings on the chimney-pot edge above. Blue doves on the red-tile roof of the farm-house beyond the stream are cooing and curtsying to each other like so many bemuddled courtiers of the days of Queen Anne; and on the well-trodden circular track beneath the more homely barn-door fowls are busy picking up grains of corn. A string, too, of brown Ronen ducks are making their way down in single file towards the water's edge.

Through the open window, along with the breath of air that just stirs the soft muslin of the curtains, the garden scents drift in, heavy and sweet—sure sign of coming rain, even if the pale smoke from the farm-house gable yonder were not seen to be trailing off low towards the trees. Dark, rich wallflower, velvet-brown as Rembrandt shadow, raises its heavy heads of blossom under the window-sill. Purple clusters of auricula as well are there, velvet-petalled too, their green stems dusty with the pollen which gives them their rustic name. Many another flower besides grows in that old-fashioned garden-border under the house-wall; flowers, many of them, of which people have forgotten the names, but all the more likeable for that reason—dusky-veined bells hanging upon slender green spires; blue-tasselled stalks fit for the lance-pennons of gay elfin knights; shy pansy blossoms only half turned towards their sweetheart the sun; and clusters of fair-leaved cowslips, golden-tipped like a blackbird's bill. All fill the air with their fragrant breath, and lull thought asleep with a lotos charm.

Ah, thank you! A kind hand, reaching through the open casement, has laid a few rich blossoms on the writing-table. Let them lie there, fainting to death in their own perfume. Better that than to grow stale in any silver epergne. Human beings rarely have so happy a fate, unless, indeed, it be the children, whose petal-smooth brows have known nothing of the writings of the iron pen of Care. For most of us, alas! the dust of the world's toiling and spinning has dimmed the pristine freshness of the blossom-time, and, where the canker-worm of sin has not eaten its poisonous way into the heart, the rich fragrance and bright petal colours of life's morning too often have faded under the bitter rains of sorrow. But the flowers there, like the golden Syrian lilies of old, have known nothing of all this. Their flame-pure petals have fed only on the sunshine, and, tokens of a kindly thought, they die while there is yet about them the fragrance of unsullied youth.

Suddenly one becomes conscious that a strange silence has fallen outside. The gentle air has ceased to rustle in the rhododendron-leaves. Not a bird twitters in the hedge. Only the stream murmuring over its pebbles in the meadow-bottom keeps up its low monotone. The smoky vapours of the morning sweep up from the horizon into dark masses overhead, and a single rook, flying homeward low along the fields, utters an ominous "Caw!"

Flash! The storm has begun; and not far off, either. The jagged blue gleam of chain-lightning split the air and entered the ground apparently not ten paces away; and hardly a moment later, with deafening rumble and crash, the thunder breaks in earnest just overhead. A second of listening stillness follows, and then—an innumerable pattering upon the garden leaves—comes the rushing fall of rain. Flash after flash of blinding flame, and roll after roll of that aerial artillery, with the dark masses of cloud-smoke drifting low across the sky, and the rush of the descending deluges of heavy rain, all bespeak the tremendous pitched battle raging among the elemental Titans. To know what modern war is like, a man need not have heard the deep-booming cannon of Sebastopol, nor have seen the red flash of artillery at Sedan. Terrible as they, and with records all but as deadly among the groaning branches of the woodlands, are the gleam and crash of the thunderstorm as it rends heaven's battlements, and hurls its red fire-shot through the torn and smoke-strewn air. Hardly a new terror, therefore, do we of these later centuries know in the flash of sulphur and the roar of guns. The cave-man crouching under his cliff, felt an equal awe when, in his far-back age, the heavens opened and the voice of "the All-surrounder" spoke.

A storm of such terrific force, however, does not last long. Half an hour, and the anger of the elements is spent. Already the lightning has ceased, the last reverberations of the thunder have died away, and the sullen vapours are rising in cloud-masses and rolling off. Every moment the air grows clearer; the thin line of blue smoke rising from the farm-house roof ascends straight into the air; and presently the gates of the zenith open, and the sun looks forth upon the silver-shining rain.

A new loveliness has come upon the earth during the storm. The deep-trailing tresses of the larch have become a richer green; the wild sprays of the hawthorn-hedge sparkle with a myriad diamond drops; and the grassy garden slope is grey with sown seed-pearls. A thrush, too, breaks into mellifluous piping among the thick greenery of the gooseberry branches; and, with the clear chirp-chirp of sharpened appetite, golden-pencilled sparrows are fluttering down in dozens to regale themselves in the fresh-dewed strawberry-beds. Lustiest music of all, a wild halloo and the trampling of a hundred eager feet proclaim the fact that school is out. Like the eruption of a miniature volcano, the crowd of merry children pours forth, happy-hearted, for the hour of play; and the shouts and laughter of their joyous throats overtop all other sounds, as they scatter far and near over the shining fields—

Turning to mirth all things on earth  
As only boyhood can.

There will be no peace further to read or write here till the school goes in again; and, moreover, as the rain has all but ceased, and the earth's, like many a human face, is looking its loveliest through its tears, this is no hour to stay indoors. Hey! then, for boot and spur—for a ramble down through the sweet-smelling lanes, and a gallop along the green grass-rides among the freshness of the dewy woods! Midday is not two hours past, and there is time yet for afternoon tea in the primrose drawing-room of the ivied manse yonder, nestling white-gabled under the hills seven miles away.

G. E.-T.

### THE PLAYHOUSES.

Since I saw the representation of the Passion Play by the mountain villagers at Ober-Ammergau, now nearly ten years ago, I have never witnessed anything more satisfying, in an artistic sense, than Professor Hubert Herkomer's pictorial "song without words," down at the little village of Bushey, in Hertfordshire. The conditions of the two efforts to love art for art's sake alone are not, on examination, dissimilar. In the mountain village, the good old priest interests and energises his flock during the dull winter months by rehearsing and practising some of the striking scenes of Our Lord's Passion. The church is the starting-point of this solemn and beautifully-rendered series of tableaux; the music is the same that has been sung by generations of villagers in the Bavarian mountain-home. The task is approached with great earnestness and grave reverence, and so it is down at Bushey. Professor Herkomer desires to encourage and elevate the taste of his art-pupils—the young men and women who paint and sketch, and carve wood, and hammer iron, and live such a delightful artistic life in the leafy little Hertfordshire village. So the good Professor, a man of indomitable energy and varied resource, builds his pupils a model theatre, and sketches out a dramatic idea to be illustrated with gesture and song, and paints scenery for it, and composes music to accompany the action, and takes on his shoulders the chief burden of the task of principal actor and stage-manager. No one who has the opportunity should miss the chance of seeing the "Idyll." The scene that illustrates it—an old English village, with its half-timbered houses, its glowing sunset, its deepening gloaming, its distant landscape with cottages and corn-fields modelled in—is simply one of the most beautiful stage-pictures that can be imagined. No horrible "sky borders," no descending rags and "battens" down at Bushey. The Professor, who last year invented a reasonable moon, has now perfected a natural stage sky. In this village street and in the interior of an old English cottage home the simple action of a tender little love-story is carried out with music and the first of all acting arts—dumb-show or pantomime. Mr. Herkomer himself, who plays John the Smith, is the best actor in his company; and he has called in the professional assistance only of Miss Florence Wilton and of Miss Dorothy Dene, who are both charming and do full justice to all the Professor's ideas. Add to these, lyrics charmingly written by Mr. Joseph Bennett and music conducted by Dr. Richter, and it may be guessed what a treat is provided down at Bushey in the "musical pastoral," which soothes the senses this lovely summer weather.

The nautical melodrama that has recently been produced at the Princess's Theatre called "True Heart" is not such a bad play as such plays go. Mr. Byatt has not gone very far from the beaten track of what is generally known as Adelphi drama. He thinks that the public has not grown weary of the fiendish Baronet who abducts children; causes the death of their female relatives by crashing them down by means of a rotten balcony; hocuses a virtuous mariner on his wedding morning, and secures a shipwreck by extinguishing a light-house beacon. He still pins his faith to the evil-eyed accomplice of the bloodthirsty Baronet, and to the simplicity of the half-witted son of the afore-said Baronet. And presumably he is right. The audience, in accordance with tradition or taste, hiss the scoundrel and applaud the virtuous hero and heroine. Every melodrama must have its sensation. The one chosen in this instance is the launching of a coast life-boat, after the rocket apparatus has been unsuccessfully fired. When properly rehearsed this scene will no doubt be made very effective, and with the aid of pictured posters will draw the country cousins who have congregated in London to the Oxford-street home of melodrama. In the acting they will certainly not be disappointed. Mr. Leonard Boyne is excellent as the nautical hero, and his acting in one very difficult scene rises far above what one ordinarily finds in sensational melodrama. Mr. Bassett Roe and Mr. Julian Cross are lustily hissed for their successful sketches of villainy sublimated. Miss Grace Hawthorne makes a very pleasing heroine, and the comic scenes are safe in the hands of Mr. E. W. Garden and Miss Helen Leyton. A minor character—and a very difficult as well as an extremely disagreeable one—is brought into prominence by Mr. H. H. Morell, whose ill-fortune it is invariably to be cast for disagreeable young men. Every effort has been made by the management to secure a success, and certainly at this time of the year it is pleasanter to look upon a picture of the sea, although the waves break and the wind has a mechanical shriek in it, than in contemplating houses on fire or fire-engines. Melodrama being a necessity at all times of the year, let us have as much fresh air as possible in the playhouse whilst we are awaiting the dog days.

Managers are at last becoming seriously alarmed at the matinee nuisance. They find that owing to these gratuitous entertainments in the afternoon—for no one present ever dreams of paying—at which the public can see the best actors and actresses in London for nothing, and where by means of benefits, charity performances, and what not, the popular favourites are worked to death, that the evening theatres are comparatively empty. When the public can get its amusement for nothing it is not very likely that it will willingly pay for it. Some of the managers have very wisely put a spoke in the wheel by refusing to allow the artists to whom they pay enormous and often exorbitant salaries to appear in any other theatre than the one for which they are engaged. When salaries of £30 and £40 a week are given to secure the exclusive services of an artist, why should these artists exhaust their energies in the afternoon for the sake of some speculative actor or ambitious author? But far more than this is necessary. The list of the unemployed is so large that a matinee could be given at almost every theatre in London without interfering with the evening programme. In a short time managers will discover that it is a mistaken policy to let their theatres for matinees at all. The system helps, no doubt, to pay the rent, but it does harm to the well-being and high character of the theatre. Some there are who maintain that to give two performances a day in the same theatre is an extremely dangerous proceeding in a combustible building; but whether that be so or not, the matinee system is becoming as great a nuisance and as undesirable as the American "free lunch." As matters stand ninety-nine out of every hundred plays produced at matinees are absolutely useless; and though it suits "society" to drop into a theatre in the afternoon in order to chat, gossip, drink tea, and "patronise" some play or player, there is a growing opinion that this same "society" does far more harm than good to the art that it pats on the back.

There is no rule, however, without an exception. Sometimes a good play is brought to the front, though if a manager understood his business he would be able to discover its merits without the necessity of a public trial. In old days, "The Scarecrow," by Mr. Charles Thomas, would have been accepted and produced as a matter of course. It found favour with a critical audience at the Strand one afternoon, and, of course, it will find its way to the regular stage in good time. "The Scarecrow" has a well-told story, with bright and clever dialogue.

C. S.